J.F.K.

Screenplay

by

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CREDITS run in counterpoint through a 7-10 minute sequence of DOCUMENTARY IMAGES setting the tone of John F. Kennedy's Presidency and the atmosphere of those tense times, 1960-1963. An omniscient NARRATOR'S VOICE marches us through in old-time Pathe newsreel fashion:

VOICE (1)
January, 1961 -- President Dwight D. Eisenhower's Farewell Address to the Nation --

1. EISENHOWER ADDRESS -

EISENHOWER
...The conjunction of an immense military establishment and a large arms industry is new in the American experience. The total influence -- economic, political, even spiritual, -- is felt in every city, every state house, every office of the Federal Government...In the councils of government we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military industrial complex. The potential for the disasterous rise of misplaced power exists and will persist...We must never let the weight of this combination endanger our liberties or democratic processes. We should take nothing for granted...

2. ELECTION IMAGERY -- campaigning, the TV debates, Nixon vs. Kennedy, Mayor Daley, Kennedy victorious...Kennedy inauguration

VOICE (2)
November, 1960 -- Senator John F. Kennedy of Massachusetts wins one of the narrowest election victories in American history over the Vice-President Richard Nixon by a little more than 100,000 votes. Rumors abound that he stole the election in Illinois through the Democratic political machine of Mayor Daley...

3. BAY OF PIGS IMAGERY -- on the beach, the bombardment, the rounding up of prisoners, Kennedy's public apology, Allen Dulles...

VOICE (3)
He inherits a secret war against the Communist Castro dictatorship in Cuba, a war run by the CIA and angry Cuban exiles out of bases in the Southern United States, Panama, Nicaragua and Guatemala. This war culminates in the disasterous Bay of Pigs invasion in April 1961 when Kennedy apparently refuses to provide air cover for the exile brigade. Of the 1600 men who invade, 114 are killed, 1200 are captured. The Cubans and the CIA are furious with Kennedy's irresolution...Kennedy, taking public responsibility for the failure, privately claims the CIA misled him on the true nature of the operation. He vows to splinter the CIA into a thousand pieces and fires Allen Dulles, Richard Bissell, and Charles Cabell, the top leadership of the CIA.

4. SECRET WAR IMAGERY...Cuban rallies, any available footage of training camps, espionage activities, boats, cases of weapons, JM/wave at the University of Miami, Robert Kennedy...John Roselli (circa 1977 if necessary) Sam Giacana, Santos Trafficante, Richard Helms (the new CIA chief), Bill Harvey, head of ZR/RIFLE, Howard Hunt...

VOICE (4)
...The CIA, however, continues its secret war on Castro with dozens of sabotage and assassination attempts under its ZR/Rifle and MONGOOSE programs involving ties to organized crime elements such as John Roselli, Sam Giancana, and Santos Trafficante, whose casino operations in Cuba worth millions a year in income, Castro has terminated.

5. CUBAN MISSILE CRISIS.. Kruschev, Kennedy on television, meetings with Cabinet, Russian vessels in Caribbean, US nuclear bases on alert, civilians going to underground safe areas, Castro, the Russian ship turning around, the country smiling...

VOICE (5)

In October 1962, the world comes to the brink of nuclear war when Kennedy quarantines Cuba after announcing the presence of offensive Soviet nuclear missiles 90 miles off American shores. The Joint Chiefs of Staff and the CIA call for an invasion. Kennedy refuses. Soviet ships with more missiles streaming towards the island, but at the last moment turn back. The world breathes with relief but backstage in Washington, rumors abound that JFK has cut a secret deal with Russian Premier Kruschev not to invade Cuba in return for Russian withdrawal of missiles. Many inside people claim these missiles have never been withdrawn. These suspicions confirm the growing feeling that Kennedy is "soft on Communism"...However, Kennedy's popularity with the public soars.

6. NUCLEAR TEST BAN IMAGERY ... closing down Cuban Camps, Lake Ponchatrain, Louisiana (if footage available), McNamara speaking, Khrushchev and Kennedy, "the hot line" telephone system inaugurated, Kennedy with Jackie and children sailing off Cape Cod, defense bases...VIETNAM introduction, early shots, Green Berets, counterinsurgency programs, Ed Landsdale (if available), leading up to the Test Ban signings, Kennedy and MacMillan, Khrushchev...then JFK at American University, June 10.

VOICE (6)

...In the ensuing months, Kennedy clamps down on Cuban exile activities, closing camps, restricting covert operations, not allowing guns to be shipped out of the country. He is moving in many directions at once. In March '63, his Secretary of Defense McNamara announces the closing of 52 military installations in 25 states, and 21 overseas bases. Large cuts are to be made in the defense budget. In November 1963, he begins the withdrawal of the first 1000 troops of the 16,000 stationed in Vietnam. He tells several of his intimates that he will withdraw all Vietnam troops after the '64 election, saying to the Assistant Secretary of State, Roger Hilsman, "The Bay of Pigs has taught me a number of things. One, not to trust generals or the CIA, and the second is that if the American people do not want to use American troops to remove a Communist regime 90 miles from our coast, how can I ask them to use troops to remove a Communist regime 9,000 miles away?"...Finally, in August 1963, following lengthy negotiations, the United States, Great Britain and the Soviet Union sign a limited nuclear test ban treaty forbidding the atmospheric testing of nuclear weapons. The treaty is opposed by the Joint Chiefs of Staff... Early that fateful summer, Kennedy speaks of his new vision at American University in Washington.

JFK

What kind of peace do we seek? Not a pax Americana enforced on the world by American weapons of war...we must reexamine our own attitudes towards the Soviet Union. No government or social system is so evil that its people be considered lacking in virtue...No nation in the history of battle ever suffered more than the Soviet Union in the Second World War. At least 20 million lost their lives. A third of the nation's territory was turned into wasteland -- a loss equivalent to the destruction of this country east of Chicago. We are both caught in a vicious and dangerous cycle. Let us reexamine our attitude towards the Cold War. We are not here to pile up debating points, distribute blame or point the finger of judgement. We must deal with the world as it is.

7. KENNEDY CONCLUDING IMAGERY... Diplomats at the United Nations...Adlai Stevenson, Ambassador Atwood, Dr. Rene Vallejo, Lisa Howard -- TV journalist, Castro...Martin Luther King and the march on Washington (a snatch of his "I Have a Dream" speech)..:Bobby Kennedy and Jimmy

Hoffa going at it...US Steel Chairman's remarks in the steel faceoff, men going to courtrooms with briefcases, ...Teddy Kennedy, Rose, Joe, the Kennedy family..all teeth and good looks...and of course John campaigning, always campaigning, shaking hands, smiling, that supremely warm smile and sense of grace and ability to convey to crowds their being one with him...forever...culminating in the more specific Texas shots...with Jackie in San Antonio, and Houston...then at Fort Worth...then at Love Field -- the last Close Ups of the man...on the tarmac shaking hands, smiling, into the motorcade...the downtown streets of Dallas, mobbed, the posters calling for his arrest for treason, waving, then:

VOICE (7)
More rumors emerge of JFK's backdoor efforts to establish dialogue with Fidel Castro through channels at the United Nations in New York. Kennedy is rocking the boat on several fronts. Three months after Kennedy submits a sweeping civil rights bill to Congress, Martin Luther King leads 250,000 in a march on Washington. Robert Kennedy, as Attorney General, for the first time ever vigorously prosecutes the Mafia in American life, bringing and winning a record number of cases. Kennedy also takes on Big Business, forcing back steel prices, winning 45 of 46 antitrust cases during 1963 and, most worrisome, threatening to end the much-misused oil depletion allowance. Big changes are foreseen after JFK's assumed reelection in 1964. Foremost in the political consciousness of the country is the possibility of a Kennedy dynasty. Robert Kennedy in '68, Teddy Kennedy in '76. In November, 1963 John Kennedy travels to Texas, his popularity sagging to 59% largely due to his civil rights stand for which is particularly hated in the South. Texas is a crucial state for him to carry in '64. With him is Vice-President, Texan Lyndon Johnson and Texas Governor John Connally. On November 21, they visit Houston and San Antonio. On November 22, in the morning he speaks in Fort Worth, then flies 15 minutes to Love Field in Dallas, where he takes a motorcade through downtown Dallas on his way to speak at 12:30 at the International Trade Mart. Late, the motorcade takes him through Dealy Plaza..at 12:30..takes (a beat)

CUT TO:

EXT. DEALY PLAZA - THAT DAY (Nov. 22, 1963)

A massive overhead shot of the Plaza as it lay then. Hold. CREDITS CONCLUDE under -- and we have the subtitle,: "November 22, 1963."

A YOUNG MAN wearing green army fatigues suddenly collapses near the front of door of the Texas School Book Depository. He is having a violent epileptic fit that attracts surrounding attention. The Dallas Policeman running over.

TIMECUT TO:

AMBULANCE loading the YOUNG MAN and taking off.

AMBULANCE VOICE
We are en route to Parkland

BACK TO:

MONTAGE: THE SHOOTING

KENNEDY in the last seconds waving turning the corner at Houston from Main...TV FOOTAGE and a piece of ZAPRUDER FILM here (but before the shooting)...fragmented images...

INTERCUT TO:

Staged shots of OUR CROWD PEOPLE -- looking on. Grainy images to match the Zapruder tone. People on rooftops, hollering. Thru open windows, the Jail with convicts watching...The Hertz sign reading 12:30

VOICE
We'll be there in about five minutes...

A motorcycle OFFICER paralleling the Kennedy car tries to use his radio. It's jammed. The sound of the jammed dictabelt drives the rest of the sequence.

ZAPRUDER, a short middle-aged man shooting his 8 mm film from the Grassy Knoll.

On JACKIE KENNEDY -- floating on film, her voice, high soft:

JACKIE KENNEDY V.O. (staged)
And in the motorcade, you know I usually would be waving mostly to the left side and he was waving mostly to the right, which is one reason you're not looking at each other very much. And it was terribly hot. Just blinding all of us...We could see a tunnel in front of us. Everything was really slow then. And I remember thinking it would be so cool under that tunnel...

A beat on Jackie. Intercut the overpass. JFK waving...MRS. CONNALLY turning to JFK. A crazy shot, fractured, surreal POV

MRS. CONNALLY (OVER)
Mr. President, you can't say that Dallas doesn't love you.

JFK (OVER)
No, you certainly can't

Then the SHOTS: A volley sounding like a motorcycle backfire. A GLIMPSE of a MUZZLE FLASH...smoke.

The TEXAS SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY – all in line with the "official" version of events...BUT THE SCREEN (OUR SCREEN) GOES GREY as did the CBS TV first bulletins to the country.

CBS BULLETIN (FULL SCREEN)
...we interrupt this program to bring you to this flash bulletin. Three shots were fired at President Kennedy's motorcade in downtown Dallas.

Voices, under this, from everywhere colliding in confusion and horror.

VOICES
OH NO! MY GOD THEY'RE GOING TO KILL US ALL! Be still. You're going to be all right. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE. WE'RE HIT! LAWSON, THIS IS KELLERMAN. WE ARE HIT. GET US TO THE HOSPITAL IMMEDIATELY. PULL OUT OF THE MOTORCADE. TAKE US TO THE NEAREST HOSPITAL.

CBS BULLETIN
...the first reports say that President Kennedy has been seriously wounded by the shooting. More details just arrived. United Press say the wounds to President Kennedy perhaps could be fatal. Repeating President Kennedy has been shot by a would-be assassin in Dallas.

VOICES (blending under)
IT CAME FROM THERE. SECURE THAT AREA BEHIND THE FENCE. IT'S THAT BUILDING UP THERE. Oh my God, they've shot my husband...I love you Jack...

Sirens. Screeching tires. All against GREY SCREEN randomly intercut with wildly tracking POVS of the CROWD running towards the GRASSY KNOLL. Up the little set of stairs. More faces. SOMEONE in a suit stops our camera. Secret Service?

The briefest GLIMPSE from the ZAPRUDER FILM -- MRS. KENNEDY is out of the car reaching for help, then the AGENT is pushing her back in. The car speeding away finally. (These are fragmented mystifying shots, the main effect one of BLACKOUT -- of not knowing, of being in the dark -- as we all were back then.

CUT TO:

INT. JIM GARRISON'S OFFICE - NEW ORLEANS - SIMULTANEOUS DAY

Pause. The lovely old china clock on the wall reads 12:35, ticking sounds, silence. Moving past framed photos of JIM as a young pilot, his grandfather shaking hands with William Howard Taft, Jim at Dachau, next to piles of gaunt bodies, the young lawyer in college, law degrees, a framed air medal. Mama Garrison, moving to a thick desk with a chess set and a Complete Works of William Shakespeare on it, a Nazi helmet with a bullet hole in it; the District Attorney's office is spacious and elegant, dominated on all walls by books, legal and other, hardly a typical DA's office. In this little capsule of time, we discover the quieter intellect of EARLING CAROTHERS GARRISON, "JIM" for short, 43, at his desk, a fine-boned patrician looking man in an elegant suit and tie.

Pause. A moment before the World once more rushes in his door in all its sound and fury -- this time to change his life forever: LOU IVON, his chief investigator, burly, 30's.

IVON
The President's been shot. In Dallas. Five minutes ago.

Jim looks up from his papers, stunned. The look of horror and shock speaks the same language of all the faces across America that day.

GARRISON
Oh no! How bad is it?

IVON
No word yet. But they think it's in the head.

Jim gets up, heading rapidly for the door.

GARRISON
Come on. Tortorici's has a TV set.

INT. CAR - NEW ORLEANS FRENCH QUARTER - DAY

LOU IVON driving.

RADIO ANNOUNCER
...The President was rushed by the Secret Service to Parkland Hospital 4 miles from Dealy Plaza. We have no further information on the President's condition but there is a confirmed report he was struck by at least one bullet in the head. Apparently three bullets were fired but this is unconfirmed. Governor Connally also appeared to be hit. Surgeons in the emergency room are...

JIM
Maybe there's still a chance...

INT. TORTORICHI'S RESTAURANT - THE QUARTER -- DAY

Red and white table cloths / The midday CUSTOMERS all staring solemnly at the TV set high in the corner of the room. The MAITRE 'D in black and white with a bow tie is ashen, serving Jim and LOU drinks.

NEWSMAN (DAN RATHER) on TV
...we are told the fatal wound entered the base of the throat and came out of the backside, but there is no confirmation, blood transfusions are being given, a priest has administered the last rites.

MAITRE 'D (Italian accent)
I don't believe it. I don't believe it. Here, in this country. (Jim reaching to pay) ...On the house gentlemen..

They all look up, expectant as CRONKITE interrupts on the TV, in his inimitable throw-away style.

TV ANNOUNCER (Walter Cronkite)
From Dallas, Texas -- the flash apparently official, President Kennedy died at 1 pm. Central Standard Time, 2 o'clock Eastern Standard Time, some 38 minutes ago. (choked pause) Vice-President Johnson has left the hospital in Dallas but we do not know to where he has proceeded. Presumably, he will be taking the oath of office shortly, and become the 36th President of the United States.

Sounds of shock, muttering, some sobbing in the restaurant. Lou gulps down his drink. Jim sits stunned.

JIM
I loved that man -- everything about him... Today I'm ashamed to be an American...

LOU
I didn't always agree with him -- too liberal for my tastes -- but I respected him. He had style.

JIM
We'll never see another President like him Lou.

He's near tears. The food comes. Lou waves it off. They just sit there.

EXT. KATZENJAMMER'S BAR -- CAMP STREET - SIMULATANEOUS DAY

An Irish working class bar across Canal St. in a seedy area near the Mississippi River, just off Lafayette Square.

INT. KATZENJAMMER'S BAR - SIMULTANEOUS DAY

A loud variety of IRISH WORKING MEN seated on stools watching the TV. A few formica tables with chairs against walls. An unused pool table.

TV REPORTERS (at Dealy Plaza)
Many arrests have been made here today, anyone looking even remotely suspicious is being detained. Most of the crowd has gone home but there are still many stunned people wandering around in Dealy Plaza unable to comprehend what happened here earlier today.

ON TV -
EXT. DEALY PLAZA - DAY - NOV. '63

He has SEVERAL MEN, WOMEN, and CHILDREN gathered around him, putting his microphone in their faces.

BLACK WOMAN (crying)
It's all so terrible. I jes' can't stop crying. He did so much. Why?

MAN (BILL NEWMAN with kids and wife)
I was just so....shaken. My son...I...bullets coming from everywhere....I saw his face when...it hit...he just (breaks down)

MAN 2 (old)
It came from over there. That fence.

WOMAN 2
I thought...it came from up there, that building

(cut to the Book Depository)

MAN 3
I heard shots from over there

(cut to the Criminal Court Building)

REPORTER
How many shots?

WOMAN 3
About 3-4...I don't know...(crying)

MAN 4
I never thought it could happen in America.

Moving to TWO PATRONS seated at a table by themselves, far enough not to be heard. GUY BANISTER is a sturdy, imposing ex-FBI agent in his 60's, steel grey hair, blue eyes, ruddy from heavy drink. A small rose bud in his lapel. JACK MARTIN is a thin, mousy man in his mid 50's, both drinking Wild Turkey heavily. The TV blares loudly across the room over the voices.

BANISTER
All this blubbering over a no account son of a bitch. They're grieving like they knew the man, it makes me want to puke.

MARTIN
God's sake, chief. The President was shot...

BANISTER
A bullshit President! I don't see any weeping for all the thousands of Cubans that bastard condemned to death and tortured at the Bay of Pigs. Where are all the tears for the Russians and Hungarians and Chinese living like slaves in prison camps run by Kennedy's Communist buddies -- the same ones he was making peace treaties with? I'm telling ya Jack, that's what happens when you let the niggers vote. They get together with the Jews and the Catholics elect an Irish bleeding heart

MARTIN
Chief, maybe you had a little too much to drink

BANISTER
Bullshit! (yells across the room) Bartender another round...(finishes his drink) Here's to the New Frontier. Camelot in smithereens. I'll drink to that.

INT. TORTORICHI'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Several hours have elapsed. The CLIENTELE has grown, drinking, watching the tube with the insatiable curiosity the event engendered. People stare in from the street...A silence in the restaurant.

TELEVISION INSERT....Image of a Dallas POLICEMAN hauling the Mannlicher-Carcanno RIFLE with a sniperscope over the heads of the PRESS gathered in the POLICE STATION

TV NEWSMAN
...some confusion, the rifle was seen earlier and reported to be a German-made Mauser but...this is the rifle, it is a Mannlicher-Carcanno Italian rifle, a powerful world war two military gun used by infantry and highly accurate at a distances of 100 yards

IMAGES of the boxes, the sniper's nest in the sixth story of the BOOK DEPOSITORY....the POV out the window looking down at Elm Street

TV NEWSMAN
...the assassin apparently fired from this perch...but so far no word, much confusion and...

Cut to NEWSMAN 2 at a different location or in studio (Dan Rather)

NEWSMAN 2
A Flash bulletin...the Dallas Police have <u>just</u> announced they have a suspect in the killing of President Kennedy <u>and</u> a Dallas police officer J.D. Tippet who was shot at 1:15, in Oak Park, a suburb of Dallas...

TV IMAGES – LEE HARVEY OSWALD apprehended at the TEXAS THEATRE, a bruise over his right temple.

TV NEWSMAN 2
The suspect, identified as Lee Harvey Oswald, was arrested by more that a dozen police officers after a short scuffle in a Texas movie theatre in Oak Park, several blocks from where Officer Tippet was apparently killed with a 38 revolver found on Oswald. There is apparently at least one eyewitness.

IMAGES -- OSWALD being booked at the STATION, a surly young man, 24, he claims:

TV OSWALD
No, I don't know what I'm charged with. I don't know anything about the President...I didn't shoot anybody.

VOICE FROM BAR
They oughta just shoot the bastard

The ROOM bursts out with an accumulated fury at the young Oswald, a tremendous release of tension. Excitement on the TV -- Rather's eyes, Cronkite's eyes, they all sense this is the break in the case they're looking for.

JIM and LOU watching. JIM stands, says

JIM
I saw a lot in the war Lou, but nothing as sad as this. The hopes of an entire generation snuffed out in an instant by one little man with a cheap rifle...Come on, I've had enough.

As he leaves, racking onto the image of OSWALD.

EXT. KATZENJAMMER'S BAR - TWILIGHT

The sun is setting through thunderheads over the Mississippi River as BANISTER and MARTIN are leaving, wobbling drunk down the street. Blue Neon in the background, the TV NEWSMAN blaring out through the door about "Oswald"

BANISTER (pumping Martin)
Well, the kid musta gone nuts right? (Martin says nothing, looks troubled) I said Oswald must've flipped. Just did this crazy thing before anyone could stop him, right?

MARTIN
I think I'll cut out here chief. I gotta get home.

BANISTER
Get home my ass. We're going to the office, have another drink. I want some company tonight. (as he strongarms Martin)

INT. BANISTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

RAIN pouring down outside 531 Lafayette Street, as BANISTER opens several locks on the door, turns on the lights. The frosted glass on the door has "Guy Banister Associates, Inc., Investigators" written on it. A typical detective's office with spare desks, simple chairs, large filing cabinets, cubicles in the rear.

BANNISTER
Who would ever have thought that goofy Oswald kid would pull a stunt like an assassination? Just goes to show you never can know about some people. Am I right Jack?

He notices his filing cabinet drawers open. There is something to the more than usual disarray.

BANNISTER
Well, bless my soul. All these years I thought you were on my team.

MARTIN
Sometimes I don't know. Are you kidding?

BANNISTER
I couldn't be more serious Jack. Them little red eyes of yours have got me wondering about your loyalty.

He goes past the filing cabinet to his desk, pulls his pistol from a drawer unseen by Martin.

BANNISTER
Who's been going through my files? You've been looking through my files, haven't you, you little weasel.

MARTIN
You're starting to get paranoid. You really are.

BANNISTER
You were going through all my files. You're a goddamn spy.

MARTIN
Why the hell would I want to look through your files? Gee, I've seen enough of you this summer to write a book.

BANNISTER
I always lock my files! You were the only one here today...Wait a second, what do you mean you're gonna write a book?

MARTIN
No...I mean. Well you know what I mean. I've seen a lot of strange things here. Strange people.

Suddenly Bannister pounces, pistol whipping Martin to the ground. The humiliated Martin angry, whimpering, yelling back at him as Bannister strikes him repeatedly.

MARTIN
Oh, God no!

BANNISTER
You didn't see a goddamn thing you hear me you little weasel! You didn't see a goddamn thing!

INT. JIM GARRISON'S HOME - THAT NIGHT

JIM and his wife, LIZ, a very attractive, bubbly blond woman in her early 30's, at their home on Owens Boulevard in New Orleans, watching the TELEVISION. A spacious two-story brick house, suburban in feel

TELEVISION IMAGE --
On the television, REPORTERS are jammed in the Assembly Room of the Dallas Police Headquarters as OSWALD is brought through the corridor, officers on either side of him

REPORTER (over the din)
Did you shoot the President?

OSWALD
I didn't shoot anybody, no sir. I'm just a patsy

Moving onto JIM nestled with LIZ and the CHILDREN all watching enrapt -- JASPER, the oldest at 4, holding his Dad's hand. On Liz's lap, SNAPPER, the youngest, is asleep. VIRGINIA, the 2 year old pestering the Boxer dog...

LIZ (warm Texas accent)
My god, he looks like he did it

ON TV -- OSWALD in front of the cameras, on a platform

OSWALD
...Nobody has told me anything except that I am accused of murdering a policeman. I know nothing more than that. I do request someone to come forward to give me legal assistance.

REPORTER
Did you kill the President?

OSWALD
No. I have not been charged with that. In fact nobody has said that to me yet. The first thing I heard about it was when the newspaper reporters in the hall asked me that question.

REPORTERS
When were you in Russia? What happened to your eye?

OSWALD
A policeman hit me

Officers take him away.

GARRISON
He seems pretty cool to me for an assassin.

LIZ
Cold...come on it's way past your bedtimes. Let's get some sleep honey. (rises)

ON TV -- Texas D.A. HENRY WADE addressing the journalists.

WADE
There is no one else but him. He has been charged in the Supreme Court with murder with malice. The charge carries the death penalty, which my office will ask in both cases.

Jim moving to other phone as Liz starts the kids up the stairs. The TV cutting to stills of Oswald's life and:

TV NEWSMAN
...so several hours after the assassination, a disturbed portrait is emerging of Lee Harvey Oswald, the man charged with the murder of the President. Described as shy and introverted, he spent much of his childhood in New Orleans, Louisiana and went to high school there. After a stint in the Marines, he apparently became fascinated by Communism and in 1959 defected to the Soviet Union. He got married to a Russian woman there, had a child, and then returned to the United States after 30 months. But he is still believed to be a dedicated Marxist and a fanatical supporter of Fidel Castro and ultra left wing causes. He spent last summer in New Orleans and was arrested in a brawl with anti-Castro Cuban exiles. Oswald had been passing out pro-Castro pamphlets for an organization called Fair Play for Cuba, a Communist front he reportedly belongs to. Marina Oswald, his Russian-born wife, has identified the rifle found in the Book Depository as belonging to her husband.

TELEVISION IMAGES play under the NEWSMAN of Kennedy's casket coming off the plane at Washington D.C...Jackie standing there in her blood-spotted dress...a cut to the LBJ photograph taking the oath of office earlier that day...Robert Kennedy reaction (if possible footage)...

JIM
(on the phone) Lou, I'm sorry to disturb you this late...yeah, we better get on this New Orleans connection of Oswald's right away. Have a couple of investigators check out his record, find any of his friends or associates from last summer. Let's meet with the senior assistants and investigators day after tomorrow, Sunday, yeah, at 11...Thanks Lou...

INT. JIM GARRISON CONFERENCE ROOM (OFFICE) - TWO DAYS LATER

JIM with his key players, LOU IVON, SUSIE COX, a young efficient D.A., late 20's, AL OSER, 40's, serious, spectacled, NUMA BERTELL, 30's investigator, chubby, friendly and SEVERAL OTHERS around a conference table with a black and white portable TV on a side table, showing the current Sunday November 24 news from Dallas.

TV ANNOUNCER
...a palm print from Oswald has now been confirmed to have been found on the underside of the gun barrel. At first there was some confusion about the print but the FBI..

Moving in:

IVON
(looking at paperwork) As far as Oswald's associates Boss, the one name that keeps coming up is David Ferrie. Oswald was seen with him several times last summer. Sounds like a bit of an adventurer. Used to be a hot shot pilot for Eastern Airlines, but he got canned after an alleged homosexual incident with a minor. No criminal charges filed.

OSER
I think I remember this guy Ferrie speaking at a meeting of some veterans group. He was ranting against Fidel. Extreme stuff.

IVON
Apparently Ferrie ran a Civil Air Patrol unit for teenagers who were too young to sign up for the military. Sort of a social thing. He had a simulated cockpit in the apartment that these kids used for training. And guess who was in the unit?

JIM
The man in Dallas

On the TV -- the first image of the "backyard photos" of LEE HARVEY OSWALD holding the rifle.

TV ANNOUNCER
...these backyard photos were found yesterday among Oswald's possessions in the garage of Janet Osmond's home in Irving Texas where Marina Oswald and her child are living. The picture apparently was taken earlier this year. Police say the rifle, a cheap World War II Italian-made Manlicher-Carcano, was ordered from a Chicago mailing house and shipped to Oswald's alias A. Hidell at a Post Office Box in March 1963. This is the same rifle that was used to assassinate the President.

Moving back to the MEN who watch, obviously influenced...

COX
That ties it up...

NUMA
Just like that guy in the tower in Texas, another nut. Jesus, anybody can get a rifle.

TV NEWSMAN
We go back now to the basement of police headquarters where they're about to transfer Oswald to County Prison...

TV cutting back to the BASEMENT of the Dallas Police HQ -- waiting. Men milling as:

BILL BOXLEY breaks into the room, excited. He's young, handsome, 30's, outspoken, volatile.

BOXLEY
Boss! I just got a pretty wild lead.(They all look) You guys listening?

JIM
Come on Bill, save us the theatrics.

BOXLEY
David Ferrie took off driving like a bat out of Hell for Texas on the day of the assassination. Now hold onto your chairs. My source believes Ferrie was supposed to be the getaway pilot for the assassin.

There is a pause. More a bemused speculation in the air. Jim smiles. The others share a look that tells us they think it's ridiculous.

JIM
Now hold your horses here, Bill. What kind of source is this?

BOXLEY
He insists on anonymity, but my contact says he's very reliable.

ON THE TELEVISION --
At that moment OSWALD is being led out of the basement by TWO DEPUTIES. JACK RUBY rushes forward out of the CROWD and into history -- putting his sealing bullet into Oswald. Total chaos erupts..."Jack you sunufabitch!"

On the MEN looking. Gasps.

VARIOUS
Holy shit! Look at that..Look at that...I don't believe this...On television! What is going on ? Who is this guy...oh Jesus..etc.

Jim silent.

IVON
Seventy cops in that basement. What the hell were they doing!

TV NEWSCASTER
Jack Ruby..who is Jack Ruby? Oswald is hurt...

Images of Oswald onto the stretcher, into the ambulance, the NEWSCASTER crouching whispering.

Everybody in the room stunned still.

IVON
Well, no trial now. Looks like somebody saved the Dallas DA a pile of work.

They look to Jim. A pause. He is deeply disturbed.

JIM (quietly)
Let's get Ferrie in here.

INT. GARRISON OFFICE - NEXT DAY

The portable TELEVISION plays alone to JIM in his chair smoking a pipe -- searing images of the FUNERAL -- massive crowds of mourners, the casket driven thru the streets, the honor guards, the horses, the dignitaries walking behind, Jackie veiled...focusing briefly on LYNDON JOHNSON

TV NEWSMAN
...newly sworn in President Lyndon Johnson who has just come from the White House and what we are told was a series of meetings on foreign policy issues...

The face of De Gaulle, Macmillan, Robert Kennedy...

As the door opens following the knock and DAVID FERRIE is brought into Jim's office by TWO POLICE and LOU IVON, breaking Jim out of his reverie. He stands up to his full height, cordial.

LOU
Chief...David Ferrie

JIM (shakes hands)
Come in Mr. Ferrie. Have a seat, make yourself comfortable. Coffee?

FERRIE
Call me Dave. Everyone calls me Dave.

The demeanor that of a hungry rodent with large ears. He suffers from alopecia, a disease that has removed all his body hair, and looks like a Halloween character -- pencilled eyebrows, one higher than the other, scruffy reddish wig pasted on askew with glue, Salvation Army clothing, but the eyes are swift and brilliant, the smile warm, inviting itself.

JIM (intercom)
Lorraine, could you please bring me in some coffee?

FERRIE
Do you remember me Mr. Garrison? I met you on Carondolet Street right after your election. I congratulated you, remember?

JIM
How could I forget? You make quite a first impression. (Ferrie laughs, pause) I've heard over the years you're quite a first-rate pilot Dave. Legend has it you can get in and out of any field, no matter how small... (coffee comes in, Jim indicating the pictures on his wall). I'm a bit of a pilot myself, you know. Flew grasshoppers for the field artillery in the war. I still have a commercial license but I don't have the time...

FERRIE glimpsing the low-volumed TV -- images of the funeral. He looks away, jittery, takes out a cigarette.

FERRIE
Do you mind if I smoke Mr. Garrison?

JIM (holds up his pipe)
How could I? Dave, I had you come in because I'd like to ask you a few questions. I see you haven't brought your lawyer (Ferrie nods, waits) Dave, as you know, President Kennedy was assassinated on Friday. A man named Lee Harvey Oswald was arrested as a suspect and then was murdered yesterday by a man named Jack Ruby(on each name watching Ferrie's reaction) We've heard reports that Oswald spent the summer in New Orleans and we've been advised you knew Oswald pretty well?

FERRIE (jumpy)
No, no, that's not true. I never met anybody named Oswald. Anybody who told you that has to be crazy.

JIM (hands him a current newspaper)
I'm sure you've seen this. Perhaps you knew this man under another name?

FERRIE
No, I never saw him before in my life

JIM
Well that must've been mistaken information we got. Thanks for straightening it out for us. (inhales on his pipe, Dave looks relieved; images of the funeral continue)

JIM
There is one other matter that's come up Dave. We were told you took a trip to Texas shortly after the assassination on Friday

FERRIE (surprised)
Yeah, now that's true. I drove to Houston.

JIM
What was so appealing about Houston?

FERRIE
I hadn't been there ice skating in many years, and I had a couple of young friends with me, and we decided we wanted to go ice skating.

JIM (knits his brow)
Dave, may I ask why the urge to go ice skating in Texas happened to strike you during one of the most violent thunderstorms in recent memory?

FERRIE
Oh it was just a spur of the moment thing...the storm wasn't that bad

JIM
I see. And where did you drive?

FERRIE
We went straight to Houston, and then that night we drove to Galveston and stayed over there

JIM
Why Galveston?

FERRIE
No particular reason. Just to go somewhere.

JIM
And then Sunday?

FERRIE
In the morning we went goose hunting. Then headed home but I dropped the boys off to see some relatives and I stayed in Hammond.

JIM
Did you bag any geese on this trip?

FERRIE
I believe the boys got a couple.

JIM
But the boys told us they didn't get any?

FERRIE
(fidgeting, lighting another cigarette) Oh yes, well, come to think of it, they're right. We got to where the geese were and there were thousands of them. But you couldn't approach them. They were a wise bunch of birds.

JIM
Your young friends also told us you had no weapons in the car. Dave, isn't it a bit difficult to hunt for geese without a shotgun?

FERRIE
Yes, now I remember Mr. Garrison. I'm sorry I got confused. We got out there near the geese and it was only then we realized we'd forgotten our shotguns. Stupid, right? So of course we didn't get any geese

JIM
I see (inhales pipe, stands up) Dave, thank you for your time. I'm sorry this has to end inconveniently for you, but I'm going to have to have you detained for further questioning by the FBI

FERRIE (shaken)
Why? What's wrong?

JIM
Dave, I find your story simply not believable

LOU and the TWO COPS escort Dave out of the office as JIM turns to the TELEVISION IMAGE of Kennedy's final moments of rest. The Bugler plays taps. JOHN JR., 3 years old, in an image to become famous, salutes his Dad farewell. The riderless white horse stands lonely against the Washington sky.

DISSOLVING TO:

INT. FBI OFFICE - NEW ORLEANS -- NEXT DAY

A small PRESS CONFERENCE. The FBI SPOKESMAN reads a statement.

FBI SPOKESMAN
Gentlemen, this afternoon the FBI released David W. Ferrie of New Orleans. After extensive questioning and a thorough background check, the Bureau found no evidence that...

INT. GARRISON OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

The FBI SPOKESMAN is being broadcast over the portable TELEVISION. LOU, BOXLEY, NUMA and JIM watching.

FBI SPOKESMAN (ON TV)
...Mr. Ferrie knew Lee Harvey Oswald or that he has had any connection with the assassination of President Kennedy. The Special Agent in Charge would like to make clear that Mr. Ferrie was brought in for questioning by the District Attorney of Orleans Parrish not by the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The Bureau regrets any trouble this may have caused Mr. Ferrie...

TV NEWSMAN
...in other news, President Johnson has announced the creation of a blue ribbon presidential commission to probe the events in Dallas.

Ivon looking at Jim, angry

LOU
Correct me if I'm wrong. I thought we were on the same side. What the hell business is it of theirs to say that.

BOXLEY
Pretty fast wasn't it. The way they let him go.

JIM
They must know something we don't (dismisses it). So, let's get on with our lives, gentlemen...we got plenty of home grown crimes to prosecute...

Reaching to close the TV and get back to work. The last image on the TV.

TV NEWSMAN
The Commission will be headed by Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court Earl Warren and is expected to head off several Congressional and Texas inquiries into the assassination. On the panel are Allen Dulles, ex chief of the CIA, Representative Gerald Ford.

Jim's hand flicks it off as the Overture ends.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AERIAL SHOT - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY (THREE YEARS LATER)

A plane's POV, down at the White House. SUBTITLE READS: THREE YEARS LATER, 1966 (October)

SENATOR RUSSELL LONG
(looking out the window) That's a mess down there Jim. We've bitten off more Vietnam than we can chew. Never gonna get out with our tails intact.

JIM, now 46, reading the front page of the *Washington Post* detailing the latest battle in "Vyetnam". He is next to SENATOR LONG, 50's, from Louisiana, who's drinking a whiskey. They're on a crowded businessman's shuttle.

LONG (continuing)
Sad thing is it's screwing up this country, all these hippies running around on drugs, the way young people look you can't tell a boy from a girl anymore. Values've gone to hell...Course it figures when you got somebody with the values of that sunfabitch Johnson in the White House.

JIM (rueful)
I sometimes feel everything's gone downhill since John Kennedy was killed, Senator...

LONG
Don't get me started on that. Those Warren Commission fellows were blinder'n a bear in a bee storm. No one's gonna tell me that kid did the shooting job he did from that damned bookstore.

STEWARDESS brings more drinks. Jim is surprised.

JIM
I thought the FBI test-fired the rifle to make sure it could be done?

LONG
Sure -- after they adjusted the sight. They're telling us Oswald who was a bad shot got off three shots with accuracy from a bolt action rifle in less than six seconds. Average man would be lucky to get two shots off. It don't make sense. The first shot should be a rifleman's best shot. You know, but it wasn't, the second missed, and the third was perfect. That dog don't hunt.

JIM
You saying, Russell, there were other men involved?

LONG
You been duck hunting? I think Oswald was a good old fashioned decoy. What'd he say? "I'm just a patsy." Out of the mouth of babes y'ask me.

JIM
Russell, you sound honestly like one of them kooky critics going off the deep end. Are you telling me what the Government concluded is not that way?

Russell looks at Jim, amazed by his naivete, laughs

LONG
Hell, you're the District Attorney. You read the Warren Commission Report -- and then tell me you're satisfied Lee Oswald shot the President alone.

Jim leans back in his seat, silent.

LONG
Honey (to the stewardess) Another one of these. This one's as weak as cricket pie. I'm going to an oil man's convention in New York, gotta get my depletion allowance ready (laughs)

INT. GARRISON STUDY - NIGHT

In a STUDY lined with bookshelves up to the walls, photos of family, chess set, JIM, smoking his pipe, reads in a red leather chair from one of the thick 26 Warren Commission Volumes piled all over the place. LIZ enters. JASPER, now 7, draws on the floor at Jim's feet.

LIZ
Jim, dinner's just about ready.

JIM (lost in thought)
Egghead, do you realize Oswald was interrogated for twelve hours after the assassination, with no lawyer present, and nobody recorded a word of it? I can't believe it. A police officer of 30 years experience, he knows that anything that Oswald says would be inadmissable in court...

LIZ
Jim, dinner? (to Jasper) What are you doing in here?

JASPER
Daddy said it was all right if I was real quiet.

JIM
(rising to dinner) Sure it is. If I ever let a minor felon do that, it'd be all over the papers. I'd catch hell. And this is the alleged murderer of the President?

INT. GARRISON DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Two year old ELIZABETH watching "Crusader Rabbit" on TV as the new ONE YEAR OLD sits in diapers with LIZ at one end. JIM at the other. There are FIVE KIDS now, 7,5,4,2,1... and the BLACK MAID MATTIE, 35, heavyset. They're passing plates, the children horsing around...the boxer dog, TOUCHDOWN, begging for a piece of the action. Jim, not a big eater feeds him.

JIM
Again and again they ignore credible testimony, leads are never followed up, its conclusions are selective, there's no index, it's one of the sloppiest, most disorganized investigations I've ever seen. Almost <u>two thirds</u> of the witnesses in Dealey Plaza that day are saying they think they heard shots coming from the Grassy Knoll area, not the Book Depository but it's all broken down and spread around and you read it and the point gets lost...

LIZ
(politely listening) Un hun...Mattie, I'll do the dishes, you take Eb up now. And Elizabeth (the 2 yr. old) as well.

ELIZABETH JR.
Nahhhh!

LIZ
Honey, you're the DA of New Orleans: Isn't the Kennedy assassination a bit outside your domain? I mean all those important people already studied it. It's history...

JIM
Fairy tales. I can't believe a man as intelligent as Earl Warren ever read what's in those volumes.

LIZ (tired of his intensity)
Well maybe you're right Jim. But it's waited three years so it can wait a bit longer. It's Saturday night honey.

A caring Southern charm to this steely Texas woman.

TIME CUT TO:

After dinner. "Crusader Rabbit" is on TV.

LIZ
Come on, everybody say good night to Daddy.

JASPER (showing his drawing)
Dad look what I drew.

JIM
That's something Jasper. What is it?

JASPER
A rhinoceros.

VIRGINIA and SNAPPER each get one of Jim's shoes as he dances with them, holding each with one hand.

JIM (dancing)
Pickle and Snapper, my two favorite dancing partners.

As they dance, they fall off his feet, laughing, giggling. He throws each in the air and kisses them.

JIM
Goodnight, my pumpkins.

KIDS
Goodnight, Daddy

LIZ
You come to bed soon, you hear?

JIM
I'll just read a little more and be right up Egghead.

INT. GARRISON STUDY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Mantelpiece says 3 am. JIM alone smoking his pipe -- in the stillness, his mind crawling all over the place. Camera closing on the thickly-worded pages of the Report.

We *FLASHBACK* with thinner, echoey SOUND to the Warren Commission Hearing as the attorneys question some of the Witnesses.

INT. HEARING ROOM -- WASHINGTON D.C. (1964) - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A MR. BALL is questioning LEE BOWERS, the switchman in the railroad yard, trustworthy, working man face, crew cut, early 40's.

BOWERS
...sealed off the area, and I held off the trains until they could be examined, and there was some transients taken on at least one train.

BALL
Mr. Bowers...is there anything else you told me I haven't asked you about that you think of?

BOWERS
Nothing that I can recall

BALL
Witness is excused...

Jim upset, reading on...Another WITNESS, SGT. D.V. HARKNESS of the Dallas Police in response to Attorney DAVID BELIN:

SGT. HARKNESS
...well we got a long freight that was in there, and we pulled some people off of there and took them to the station

Another *FLASHBACK TO:*

EXT. DALLAS RAIL YARDS - DAY (Nov 22, 1963)

The THREE HOBOS being pulled off the freight by the DALLAS COPS.

BELIN (OVER)
You mean some transients?

SGT. HARKNESS (OVER)
Tramps and hobos

BELIN (OVER)
Were all those questioned?

EXT. DEALY PLAZA - SAME DAY

An hour or less after the assassination. The THREE HOBOS are marched by shotgun-toting POLICE to the STATION. We may note they do not much look like hobos. (They pass MAN Y , his back to us, to be introduced later)

SGT HARKNESS (OVER)
Yes sir, they were taken to the station and questioned

BELIN (OVER)
(switching subjects)I want to go back to this Amos Euins (voices dribble off)

Jim, reading, astounded. Where's the follow-up question? FLASHBACK continues...

BOWERS (OVER)
...yes sir there were three cars that came in during the time from around noon until the time of the shooting.

EXT. RAILROAD TOWER -- RAILROAD YARD - DAY (NOV 22)

Fourteen feet off the ground, overlooking the PARKING LOT behind the Grassy Knoll.

BOWERS (OVER)
...I saw two men standing behind a picket fence...they were looking up towards Main and Houston and following the caravan as it came down. One of them was middle-aged, heavy-set. The other man was younger wearing a plaid shirt and jacket...

INT. RAILROAD TOWER - DAY (NOV. 22 1963)

BOWERS glancing out, busy with the Main board, flashing lights, train comes in.

BOWERS (OVER)
...there were two other men on the eastern end of the parking lot. Each had uniforms...

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY (NOV. 1963)

BOWERS POV -- at a distance, but a sense of the cars, the men at a distance, two uniformed men. They could be police, the civilian men could be secret service. These brief images are elaborated on later.

BOWERS (OVER)
...at the time of the shooting there seemed to be some commotion...I just am unable to describe rather than it was something out of the ordinary, which attracted my eye for some reason, which I could not identify...some unusual occurrence -- a flash of light or smoke or something which caused me to feel that something out of the ordinary had occurred there...

Growing intensity, music, drums -- but all blurred. A puff of smoke but no sound because of the window he is glancing through. A MOTORCYCLE COP shoots up the incline. PEOPLE running, blurring into a larger mosaic of confusion.

BOWERS confused, seeing this. INTERCUT with JIM's heart pumping as he reads it. Two layers of watchers.

BALL (interrupts, OVER)
Mr. Bowers, afterwards did a good many people come up there on this high ground?

INT. GARRISON STUDY

JIM sits back, amazed. A beat. He plunges on in the reading.

INT. GARRISON BEDROOM - LATE THAT NIGHT

LIZ stirs awake as she hears JIM taking his clothes off, his big frame creaking the wooden floor.

LIZ
Jim, dammit. It's four thirty.

JIM
Egghead, listen to this. A lieutenant Colonel testifies that Lee Oswald was given a Russian language exam as part of his Marine training only a few months before he defects to the Soviet Union. A Russian exam!

LIZ
(sitting up, pissed) I cannot believe this. Are you losing your mind. It's four thirty Jim Garrison.

JIM
Honey, in all my years in the service I never knew a single man who was given a Russian test. Oswald was on anti-aircraft duty, a radar operator. He'd have about as much use for Russian as a cat has for pyjamas.

LIZ
That's what you need. A pair of pyjamas on you. The last two weeks all you do is read these damned books!

JIM
And then this Colonel tries to make it sound like nothing. Oswald did badly on the test, he says. "He only had two more Russian words right than wrong." Ha! That's like me saying Touchdown here (points to the dog) is not very intelligent because I beat him three games out of five the last time we played chess.

LIZ (gives up)
Jim, what is going on for heaven's sake. You gonna stay up all night every night till you get through those books? For what? So you'll be the only man in America who read the entire 26 volumes of the Warren Report?

JIM
Egghead, do I have to spell it out for you? Lee Oswald was no ordinary soldier. He was in military intelligence. That's why he was trained in Russian.

Liz flops back on the bed, hopeless...

JIM
Egghead?...

EXT. LAFAYETTE SQUARE - NEW ORLEANS - NEXT MORNING

A Sunday, early. An empty square except WINOS sleeping on the benches of the little leafy park in the center. Camera moving to JIM by himself staring. Moving now as a SEDAN pulls up disgorging LOU IVON AND BILL BOXLEY.

JIM
Morning boys, ready for a walking tour?

BOXLEY
At 7:30 Sunday morning? It's not exactly fresh blood we're sniffing here, boss.

JIM (pouts)
Old stains, Bill, but just as telling. 544 Camp Street.

Indicating 544 Camp Street, seedy, faded. The entrance opens onto a set of stairs leading to a second floor.

JIM
This was the office address stamped on Oswald's Fair Play for Cuba Committee when he was arrested August 9 handing out leaflets on Canal.

FLASHBACK
EXT. CANAL STREET - NEW ORLEANS - DAY (SUMMER 1963)

OSWALD with TWO YOUNG HELPERS hawking leaflets to PEDESTRIANS in his thin tie, shirt sleeves. The CUBANS led by SERGIO ARACHA SMITH appear. A fight ensues.

JIM (OVER)
He was arrested that day for fighting with some anti-Castro Cubans

COPS coming.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY (SUMMER 1963)

OSWALD talking with FBI AGENT WILLIAM QUIGLEY in a room.

JIM (OVER)
But when he got to First District Jail, he asked to talk to an FBI agent. Special Agent William Quigley showed up immediately and they had a private session. Oswald is released and Quigley destroys his notes from the interview...

EXT. LAFAYETTE SQUARE - CONT. DAY

JIM walking them around the corner, past a restaurant to another entrance to the same building, this one with a sign that says "531 Lafayette."

IVON
...so?

JIM
Now come over here. Same building. Different entrances both going to the same place -- the office on the second floor.

Boxley studying the present sign. "Cresent City Dental Laboratory." Looking puzzled at Jim

BOXLEY
Oswald in one? And in the other?

Pause. Jim soaking it. Lou Ivon suddenly gets it, glances up. A tromp d'oeil as we
FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. BANISTER OFFICE - DAY (1963)

The same door, clearly labeled, "Guy Banister Associates, Inc. Investigators". It opens, and BANISTER comes out, neatly dressed, rose in his lapel -- the same man and office we saw three years before when Jack Martin was pistol whipped. Banister seems to be smiling right at us, greeting us.

IVON (OVER)
My God! Guy Banister!

JIM (OVER)
Remember him? I used to have lunch with him once in a while

IVON (OVER)
Retired FBI right?

JIM (OVER)
Headed the Chicago office. When he retired he became a private eye here. Used to recruit college students to infiltrate radical organizations on campus, headed the Anti-Communist League of the Carribbean. This office.

OSWALD comes into frame on the street. Banister's expression sours. He berates him on the street. Oswald heads back around the corner.

BOXLEY (OVER)
So what was a Communist like Lee Oswald doing working out of Banister's?

JIM (OVER)
Never heard of a double agent Bill? I'm beginning to doubt Oswald was ever a Communist...after the arrest, 544 Camp Street never appeared on the pamphlets again

Banister talking to somebody in a car along the street

BOXLEY (OVER)
Is Banister around?

JIM (OVER)
He died -- in June 64 -- heart attack.

EXT. LAFAYETTE SQUARE - DAY (1966) BACK TO PRESENT

JIM walking the TWO MEN along Lafayette Square.

JIM
Now here's another one for you. What would you say if I told you Lee Oswald had been trained in the Russian language when he was a Marine?

IVON
I'd say he was probably getting intelligence training

JIM
Lou, you were in the Marines, who would be running that training?

IVON
The Office of Naval Intelligence

JIM
Take a look across the street

The Post Office Building

IVON
Post Office.

JIM
Upstairs. In 1963 that was the Office of Naval Intelligence -- And just by coincidence, Banister -- before the FBI was ONI. Don't they say "once ONI, always ONI"?

BOXLEY
Well, he likes to work near his old pals. Boss, this is getting weird for me. What are you driving at?

Jim comes to a stop, makes a gesture encompassing the whole Square, deeply troubled, not at all exultant.

JIM
Gentlemen, we're standing in the heart of the United States Government's intelligence community in New Orleans. That's the FBI there, the CIA, Secret Service, ONI -- all within a radius of a few blocks. Doesn't this seem to you a rather strange place for a man planning to kill the President to have chosen to spend his spare time.

IVON
What are you thinking Jim?

JIM
We're going back into the case Lou -- the murder of the President. I have a list. I want you to take some money from the rain fund and go to Dallas -- talk to some people. I want you to get Oser on the medical, the autopsy. Susie on Oswald and Ruby histories, tax records...

BOXLEY
Lord wake me please. I must be dreaming.

JIM
No, you're awake Bill and I'm dead serious. And we're going to start with your anonymous source from three years ago.

INT. GARRISON OFFICE - DAY

A scared JACK MARTIN, three years older than when last seen, sucks up coffee like a worm does moisture. The red puffy cheeks of an alcoholic, deeply circled, worried eyes. Boxley sits in a corner, watching. The fan whirring in the room. Heat, handkerchiefs out.

JIM
...please understand you're not under cross-examination here Jack. What I need is a little clarification about the night Guy Banister beat you over the head with his Magnum. Remember that?

MARTIN
How could I forget it?

JIM
Here's my problem Jack. You told me you and Guy were good friends for a long time?

MARTIN
More than ten years.

JIM
And he never hit you before?

MARTIN
Never touched me.

JIM
Yet on November 22, 1963 – the day of the President's murder – he pistol whipped you with a 357 Magnum. (Martin's eyes fixed on Jim)But the Police Report says you had an argumentover the phone bills. Here, take a look at it. (Martin looks at the Police Report)Now, does a simple argument over phone bills sound like a believable explanation to you?

FLASHBACK sudden – the night of the pistol whipping. A sharp angle on BANISTER laying MARTIN'S head open.

MARTIN (shakes his head slowly, almost dreamily)
No. It involved more than that.

A look.. BOXLEY to Jim.

JIM
How much more?

The fan. Jack waits, breathes deeply.

MARTIN
I don't know if I should talk about this

JIM
Well I'd ask Guy -- we were friendly, you know -- heart attack, wasn't it?

MARTIN
If you believe what you read in the papers

JIM
You mean you have other information

MARTIN
I didn't say that. All I know is he died suddenly nine days after the Warren Report came out. His partner, Hugh Warren, died about 3 days later. You add it up.

JIM
Why did Guy beat you Jack?

Jack pauses. A SECOND FLASHBACK -- the beating, the humiliation, Jack on the ground, angry at Guy, yelling back at him (MUTE)

MARTIN
Well, I guess now that Guy's dead, it doesn't really matter. Got any more coffee? (Boxley gets it)...it was about the people hanging around the office that summer. I wasn't really part of the operation you know, I was handling the private detective work for Guy when that came in -- not much did -- but that's why I was there...It was a circus...There were all these Cubans coming and going. They all looked alike to me...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. BANISTER OFFICES - DAY (1963)

CUBANS in battle fatigues, combat boots, duffle bags lying around. DAVID FERRIE in fatigues is directing them as they carry crates of ammunition and weapons into a back room. MARTIN observing from another desk.

MARTIN (OVER)
There were all these other characters around. Dave Ferrie -- you know about him?

JIM (OVER)
Was he there very often?

MARTIN
Often? He practically lived there. It was real cloak and dagger stuff. They called it Operation Mongoose. The idea was to train all these Cuban exiles for another invasion of Cuba to get rid of Castro. Banister's office was part of a supply line that ran from Dallas, through New Orleans to Miami, stockpiling arms and explosives. They knew Kennedy after the Bay of Pigs wouldn't let them launch an invasion from the US but the skinny was it was going to be done from secret bases in Guatemala and Nicaragua.

EXT. BANISTER OFFICE DAY (1963)

A DOZEN CUBANS following FERRIE downstairs into the street, piling into several cars, duffles thrown in with them. Ferrie drives the lead car.

EXT. LAKE PONCHATRAIN BRIDGE - DAY

CARS going over the long bridge on the Lake, entering a remote GUERRILLA TRAINING CAMP, bayou and jungle all around.

JIM (OVER)
All this right under the noses of the intelligence community in Lafayette Square

MARTIN (OVER)
Sure. Everybody knew everybody. It was a network, they were working for the CIA, pilots, black ops guys, civilians, military, everybody in those days was running guns somewhere...Bayou Buff, Morgan City, Houma...McAllen, Texas was a big gun running op.

EXT. GUERRILLA TRAINING CAMP - PONCHATRAIN - DAY

Scenes of basic training – shooting, obstacle courses, calisthenics, led by Ferrie and other TRAINERS. Scattered among the Cubans are several white AMERICAN MERCENARIES

MARTIN (OVER)
Banister was running his camp north of Lake Ponchatrain. Ferrie handled a lot of the training. There was a shooting range and a lot of tropical terrain like in Cuba. A few Americans got trained too. Nazi types. Mercenaries. Belonged to a fanatical right wing group called the Minutemen...Ferrie was the craziest (chuckles). One time he led a raid on the Schlumberger plant down at Houma and stole a bunch of land mines from 'em, but he said it wasn't stealing 'cause the CIA had given Shlumberger, this French company, all these weapons during the Algerian War, so he was just getting the weapons back for the CIA...

EXT. TRAINING CAMP - NIGHT

FBI AGENTS racing up in cars in the middle of the night, swarming over the camp, rounding up the TRAINEES.

MARTIN (OVER)
Anyway in August the party ended. Kennedy didn't want another Bay of Pigs mess so he ordered the FBI to shut down the camps and confiscate the supplies. There were 9 Cubans and 2 Americans arrested that night, only you didn't read about it in the papers. Just the weapons got mentioned. It was just part of the circus...

FBI AGENTS loading up a ton of dynamite, bomb casings, guns, ammo, 155 mm artillery shells, etc.

MARTIN (OVER)
The first one behind bars would've been Banister and Ferrie, but I think the G-men were just going through the motions for Washington, their hearts were with their old buddy Banister.

INT. GARRISON OFFICE DAY (PRESENT)

JIM listening, eyes moving to the chess board.

MARTIN
Like I said, a circus...

JIM
And Lee Harvey Oswald?

Martin hesitates. The fan whirring, the endless coffee cup gleaming as he sucks on it. Boxley waits...Finally Martin says it, almost as if relieved finally to get it out

MARTIN
Yeah, he was there too...sometimes he'd be meeting with Banister with the door shut. Other times he'd be shooting the bull with Ferrie. But he was there all right...

JIM
Anything more specific Jack, it's important...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. BANISTER'S OFFICE - DAY (1963)

BANISTER and MARTIN sitting there as the straight-laced middle aged SECRETARY hurries in – DELPHINE ROBERTS

SECRETARY
I can't believe it, Mr. Banister. Lee Oswald is down on Canal Street giving out Communist leaflets supporting Castro!

Banister just looks at her and laughs.

BANISTER
It's okay, Delphine, he's with us

INT. GARRISON OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT)

JIM
Was Kennedy ever discussed Jack?

MARTIN (tightens, the wrong question)
Sure. Course they hated the sunfabitch, but...

JIM (pushing)
...the assassination Jack?

MARTIN
Never. Not with me sir, never...I can't go into that stuff at all. Listen I think I'd better go. I said enuff. I said all I'm going to say. (rises suddenly)

JIM
Hold on Jack. What's the problem?

MARTIN
What's the problem? What's the problem? Do I need to spell it out, Mr. Garrison? I could get killed...I better go...

Shaken, he leaves, unsteady balance.

INT. CAR - FRENCH QUARTER - DAY (PRESENT)

JIM in the front, NUMA Bertell driving, BOXLEY in the back.

BOXLEY
Well, it's a terrific yarn, but Martin won't even sign a statement, let alone get on a witness stand. And even if he would, the man's an obvious alcoholic with a shady reputation.

JIM
I always wondered in court why it is because a woman is a whore, she has to have bad eyesight.

BOXLEY
We'll never be able to call him Jim, I know the man. He's scared.

JIM
When something stinks Bill, it generally isn't just one fish, we'll get corroboration...

BOXLEY
...and the six of us, with almost no budget and in secret, are going to solve a case that the Warren Commission with dozens of support staff and millions of dollars couldn't solve. We can't keep up with the crimes in the Parish as it is Chief

JIM
The murder of a President, Bill, is a crime in Orleans Parish too. I didn't pick you because of your legal skill, Bill...

BOXLEY
Gee, thanks boss

The car pulling over to park. LOU IVON is waiting for them on the sidewalk

JIM
...but because you're a fighter. I like a man who isn't scared of bad odds.

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER SIDEWALK - DAY

JIM and the OTHERS getting out, meeting LOU. Heading towards ANTOINE'S RESTAURANT.

JIM
Welcome back Lou -- how was Dallas? Any more on those hoboes?

Lou's been waiting, excited, gives Jim a blowup of the HOBO PHOTOGRAPH which he studies as he moves.

IVON
No record of them being questioned

JIM
My Gosh

IVON
...but look at this. A photographer from *The Dallas Times Herald* got a good shot of them, none of these ever published...

Camera moving in on the PHOTOGRAPH

FLASHBACK TO: – the "HOBOS" being escorted to the police station, past MAN Y -- as per Sgt. Harkness' description earlier.

IVON (OVER)
...take a good look, none of them look like hobos I remember, hobos used to sleep in their clothes -- two of em are young, haircuts, shaves, their shoes – look -- they're new...One cop has an ear clip, some kind of radio receiver which they didn't use back then...I got three witnesses say they ran into Secret Service guys after the shooting but the Warren Report says all Secret Service went on with JFK to the Hospital and none were in the area.

INT. ANTOINE'S RESTAURANT - DAY

They enter a busy lunchtime CROWD, an elegant eatery. SUSIE COX waiting for them. They're shown to their table.

JIM
Hi Susie. (to Lou) The epileptic?

IVON
Gets to the hospital and vanishes

FLASHBACK TO:
EXT. PARKLAND HOSPITAL - DAY (1963)

IVON (OVER)
...maybe a diversion helping the gunmen to get into position at the Plaza?

JIM
How 'bout the railroad man, Lee Bowers?

IVON
He's dead. August this year. (Jim curses) A lone car accident on an empty road Midlothian Texas. Going 50 MPH. (pause)

JIM (shares a look, pause)
We need more witnesses, Lou.

IVON
Only way to get more witnesses boss is going public with it. Then we can talk to Ruby, Ferrie...

JIM
(shakes his head, concerned) Not yet, it'll blow up in our face (to Susie) Susie, what do you got on Oswald?

SUSIE COX
Negative on his tax records. Classified. First time I know a DA can't get a tax record. I put together a list of all the CIA files on Oswald that were part of the Warren Report and asked for them. (gives it to Jim who reads) Oswald in the USSR, in Mexico City, 201 file, a memo from the Director on Oswald, travel and activities -- can't get one of them. All classified. It's strange.

BOXLEY
Unless the CIA has information it wants to keep secret from our enemies.

SUSIE
Yes but we're talking about an itinerant warehouse employee of no political significance six years later and he's still classified? They gave us his grammar school records, a study of his pubic hairs. Put it in context Bill of what we know about Oswald. He's trained in Russian, he's discharged from the Marines supposedly because his mother's sick. He stays home 3 days, then with a $1500 ticket from a $203 bank account, he goes to Moscow...

FLASHBACK TO:
EXT. MOSCOW - DAY (1959)

Shots of the CITY.

INT. US. EMBASSY - (1959)

OSWALD, his back to us, at the RECEPTIONIST DESK.

SUSIE (OVER)
...renounces his citizenship and says he's going to tell all he knows about U.S. radar. The Russians are sceptical, want to send him back, maybe they suspect something. He slashes his wrists to make his point, they shuttle him to a low level radio factory in Minsk where he meet Marina, spends two years, has a daughter...

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - MOSCOW

OSWALD talking with a couple REPORTERS, making his announcement.

INT. PHOTOS - MINSK

Photos of LEE and MARINA , the new CHILD. Shots of him in Minsk with various TOURISTS.

DOCUMENTARY SHOTS

The U-2 shot down. Gary Francis Powers arrested... The SUMMIT CONFERENCE cancelled. Eisenhower and Khrushchev

SUSIE (OVER)

I don't know if it's coincidence but six months after he arrives Gary Powers in a U-2 spy flight from Japan, which Oswald knew about, gets shot down over the Soviet Union and the Peace Summit is cancelled. I keep thinking of that book "Seven Days In May", maybe someone in our military didn't want the Peace Conference to happen, maybe Oswald was part of that. It gets weirder. From 1945 to '59 only 2 US soldiers defect to Russia. From '59 to '60, nine defect, five of them US Army from West Germany, two Navy, one of them another Marine a month before Oswald.

JIM (in present)

Great work Susie.

SUSIE (OVER CONT)

Sounds like a spy program doesn't it, something out of James Bond, maybe that's why the Russians don't trust Oswald, they're getting too many of these guys.

INT. US EMBASSY - DAY (1961)

Oswald, shaded, getting another passport.

SUSIE (OVER)

When he decides he's getting nowhere and he wants to come back, does this "defector" have any problem getting back into the country? The State Department loans him the money and issues a new passport in 48 hours, a lot faster than you or I can get one. He's never charged or tried or as far as we know debriefed. When he gets back to New York, he's met by a leading member of an anti-communist organization, you figure that one...and the next thing we know he's living in Dallas - Fort Worth, working at a Jaggers-Childs-Stovall, a photographic firm that has contracts to make maps for the US Army.

INT. MAP FACTORY - FORT WORTH - DAY

OSWALD at work

SUSIE (OVER)

...equally incongruous is Oswald becoming chummy with the White Russian community of Dallas -- all rabid anti-communists. Yet we know from Marina and others that Lee adored JFK. His closest friend is an oilman named George de Mohrenschildt who's about 25 years older than Oswald who's 23 and broke. De Mohrenschildt meanwhile is a member of the Dallas Petroleum Club, speaks 5 languages and was in French Intelligence in World War Two. You figure it. De Mohrenschildt draws a picture of Oswald as an intellectual, well read, excellent Russian...probably he's CIA, probably he's Oswald's "handler". The only Russian at the dinner party that suspects Oswald, Anna Meller, calls the FBI in Dallas and is told he's "all right".

A FEMALE GUEST glancing in horror at a copy of "Das Kapital" in a pile of books... Talking to LEE and MARINA are JANET & BILL OSMOND

SUSIE (OVER)

...he also gets friendly with Janet and Bill Osmond who when he quits the map company, get him a warehouse job at the Texas Book Depository, presumably so he can now exercise his intellect stacking schooltexts at $1.25 an hour...

INT. TEXAS SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY - DAY (1963)

OSWALD and ANOTHER MAN hauling and stacking school textbooks, an obviously lower-level job for Oswald after the map factory.

SUSIE (OVER)
Don't ask me what the Osmonds see in the Oswalds either cause Bill Osmond's classified for work at Bell Helicopter and all their tax returns are classified as well. Janet Osmond speaks good Russian...

INT. OSMOND HOME - IRVING - DAY

SUSIE (OVER)
...her father worked for AID, and she becomes Marina's best friend. Marina, who fights often with Lee about his secrecy, lives at her house in Irving while Lee rents a series of small rooms in Dallas...

INT. OSWALD BOARDING HOUSE - DAY

OSWALD renting a room from a LANDLADY and the housekeeper, EARLENE ROBERTS.

JIM (OVER)
...any chance of talking to de Mohrenschildt?

SUSIE (OVER)
Not yet. He says he told everything to the Warren Commission.

BOXLEY (in present)
You know what she's saying Jim?

JIM (in present)
She's saying that when Oswald went to Russia, he was not a real defector, that he was an intelligence agent on some kind of mission and he remained one till the day he died, that's what she's saying.

BOXLEY
And therefore because Oswald pulled the trigger, the intelligence community murdered their own commander in chief. That's what you're saying!

JIM
I don't even believe Oswald pulled the trigger Bill. The nitrate test indicates he didn't even fire a gun on November 22nd. My guess is he was exactly what he said he was -- a patsy. (an echo of Senator Long's words)

BOXLEY
Oh Christ, Lou for God's sake, bring these people down to earth.

IVON
I'm just an investigator Bill, I leave the theories to you lawyers.

BOXLEY
You Numa?

NUMA
A week ago I would've agreed with you Bill but now...(shakes his head)...there's a lot of smoke there, but there's some fire.

BOXLEY
I just want some dose of Louisiana style mother sense here. A reality check. You're talking about the United States Goveemment! You're talking about a major conspiracy. How the hell can you keep a secret between all these people you're talking about when you goddamn well know three fuckin' people can't even keep a goddamn secret.

JIM
You may find this hard to believe Bill, but I hope to God you're right! I've worn the uniform of the National Guard for 18 years, I cherish this country, I trust my Government. If I'm wrong, nothing could make me sadder and nothing could make me angrier...Now let's get better organized. We gotta lot of bases to cover...

INT. DALLAS JAIL CELL - DAY (1966)

JACK RUBY, thick fudge of an angry face, flu-ridden, confronts a DOCTOR and TWO GUARDS in his cell.

RUBY
Christ, I just have a cold. I don't want any shots.

DOCTOR
Please relax Mr. Ruby. This'll calm you down and clear this up.

RUBY
Doc, I'm telling you, I don'need any shots.

DOCTOR
Mr. Ruby, I don't want to involve the guards. It'll just take a few seconds.

Ruby looks over at the TWO GUARDS who eye him. He submits, chagrined. The Doctor gives him the injection.

INTERROGATION ROOM - COUNTY JAIL - DAY (1964)

Ruby talks to men with their backs to us. LAWYERS, POLICE clutter the room, making Ruby doubly nervous. His flu has worsened. The CHIEF OFFICIAL's white hair and avunculur voice are all we hear and see of him, his back to us.

RUBY
From the moment I started my testimony, have I sounded as though, with the exception of becoming emotional, have I sounded as though I made sense, what I was speaking about?

OFFICIAL
Yes, you have.

RUBY
Then do you understand that I cannot tell the truth here. In Dallas. That there are people here who do not want me to tell the truth...who do not want me to have a retrial?

OFFICIAL
Mr. Ruby, I really can't see why you can't tell us now...

RUBY
When are you going back to Washington sir?

OFFICIAL
I am going back very shortly after we finish this hearing -- I am going to have some lunch.

RUBY
Can I make a statement? If you request me to go back to Washington with you right now, that is if you want to hear further testimony from me, can you do that? Can you take me with you?

OFFICIAL
No, that could not be done Mr. Ruby. There are a good many things involved in that.

RUBY
What are they?

OFFICIAL
Well, the public attention it would attract. And we have no place for you there to be safe, we're not law enforcement officials, and it isn't our responsibility to go into anything of that kind.

RUBY
Right now I want to tell you this. I have been used for a purpose. Now maybe something can be saved. It may not be too late, whatever happens, if our beloved President Lyndon Johnson knew the truth from me, that I am telling the truth, and why I was down in the basement Sunday morning, and maybe some sense of decency will come out and they can still fulfill their plan, as I stated before, without my people going through torture and mutilation...But if I am eliminated there won't be any way of knowing. Consequently a whole new form of government is going to take over our country, and I know I won't live to see you another time. Do I sound screwy?

The nervous rhythms, the hiding, the belief in the righteness of the assassination are still there but the guilt is searing at him – the not being understood aspect. His people – the strippers, the waitresses – were the ones being "mutilated and tortured" – but "they can still fulfill their plan"

OFFICIAL
Well I don't know what can be done Mr. Ruby because I don't know what you anticipate we will encounter.

RUBY
Then you don't stand a chance, Earl Warren, you have a lost cause. They feel about you like they do about me.

OFFICIAL
The President will know everything that you have said, everything that you have said

RUBY
All I want is a lie detector test, and you refuse to give it to me. Because as it stands now -- and the truth serum how do you pronounce it -- Pentothal -- whatever it is. And they will not give it to me, because I want to tell the truth...And then I want to leave this world.

Pause On his face. The MEN rising and leaving in the shadows.

INT. DALLAS PRISON - DAY (1967)

Ruby is escorted out of the INFIRMARY, dead of cancer.

INT. BROUSSARD'S RESTAURANT - NEW ORLEANS - DAY (1967)

The puffy, smiling face of DEAN ANDREWS, framed by huge black glasses, talks in a Louisiana hippie argot of the 50's. A fancy French restaurant decor, mirrored walls, marble -- the cream of Louisiana society.

ANDREWS
Hey my man, we been friends since law school, why you keep dancing on my head for? You the Jolly Green Giant?

JIM
Because you keep conning me Dean. I read your testimony to the Warren Commission and...

ANDREWS
There you go. Grain of salt. Two sides to every coin...

JIM
You tell them the day after the assassination you were called on the phone by this "Clay Bertrand" and asked to fly to Dallas and be Lee Oswald's lawyer.

ANDREWS
Right.

JIM
First you tell the FBI he was six feet two. Then you tell the Commission he was five foot eight. How the hell did the man shrink like that Dean?

ANDREWS
They put the heat on my man, just like you're doing. I gave em anything that popped into my head. Truth is, I never met the man...

FLASHBACK sudden.
INT. ANDREWS OFFICE - DAY - (1963)

CLAY SHAW is sitting there, back to us, talking to ANDREWS. A mane of white hair.

ANDREWS (OVER)
I don't know what the cat looks like and I don't know where he's at. All I know is sometimes he sends me cases. So, one day he's on the phone talkin' to me about going to Dallas and representing Oswald...(notices a woman) Hey, pipe the bimbo in red.

Jim, in present, looking briefly -- a pretty girl walking in.

JIM (exasperated)
When did you first do business with this Bertrand?

ANDREWS (bored)
Oh I first heard these street cats jiving about him back in '56, '57 when I live down in the Quarter.

JIM
Street cats?

ANDREWS
Swishes. Young fags, you know. They'd come into my office needing help, no bread, and I'd say, well, who can back you up? These kids went to the phone and dialed...

FLASHBACK. A glimpse. Faces. Mouth talking. The young SWISH in the office. But no reveal on Shaw, just a presence on the telephone to Andrews.

ANDREWS (OVER)
The dude on the other end says.

CLAY BERTRAND
I'm Clay Bertrand. Whatever they owe you, I'll guarantee they pay.

ANDREWS
How do I get in touch with you?

BERTRAND
I'm around.

ANDREWS (OVER)
And that's how I first heard of Clay Bertrand.

JIM (in present)
What was his voice like?

ANDREWS
You knew you weren't talking to some low life fag, you know. He had command of the king's English.

JIM
Did he pay?

ANDREWS
The kids always paid -- like slot machines. I wish I had a million of those kids.

JIM
And Oswald?

ANDREWS (just a slight hesitation)
Like I said to the Washington boys. Bertrand called that summer and asked me to help him with some citizenship problems with his wife.

JIM
So you saw Oswald how many times?

ANDREWS
Three or four. He came in with a few Cubano swishes one time I remember.

FLASHBACK -- to Oswald II (2), a lookalike, coming in the office with the YOUNG BOYS.

JIM (OVER)
Recall any names.

ANDREWS
Gee, I wish I could help you.

JIM (in present)
Did you speak to Oswald in Dallas?

ANDREWS (knee jerk reaction)
Hell no! I told this Bertrand cat right off, 'this isn't my scene man, this is big, I deal with muni court, I'm a hack my man, that kid needs a hot dog.

JIM
Then how the hell did you get in the Warren Commission Dean? Except through the phone records in the Dallas jail?

ANDREWS (nervous moment)
There were no phone records.

JIM (ironic)
Of course there weren't. Cause they were destroyed. Or else they were suppressed by FBI who interviewed you?

ANDREWS
I don't know how they got to me. Maybe cause I repped him here. The Feebees run background checks, Scouts honor man, that's all I got. (puts his hand over his heart) Who'da guessed that goofy Oswald kid would wack out a Prez. I figger him for a switchhitter, y'know, hated the country -- a nut job.

As he resumes eating his crabmeat Louie with gusto, Jim reaches over and grabs the fork in mid-air.

JIM
Dean, I think we're having a communication problem. Now stop eating that damn crabmeat for a minute and listen (gets Dean's attention) I'm aware of our long friendship but I want you to know I'm going to call you in front of a grand jury. If you lie to the grand jury as you've been lying to me, I'm going to charge you with perjury. Now am I communicating with you?

Andrews puts down the fork, silent for a moment.

ANDREWS
Is this off the record Daddy-o? (Jim nods) In that case let me sum it up for you real quick. If I answer that question you keep asking me, if I give you the name you're trying to get, then it's bon voyage Deano, I mean like permanent. I mean like a bullet in my head. You dig? Does that help you see my problem a little better? You're a mouse fighting a gorilla. Kennedy's dead. You want to line up with a dead man?

At a nearby table, a WAITER has just poured brandy on Crepe Suzettes. A blue flame hovering in the air as Jim leans forward across the table, speaking deliberately.

JIM
Read my lips, Deano. Either you dance into the grand jury with the real moniker of that cat who called you to represent Lee Oswald, or your fat behind is going to the slammer? Do you dig me?

Andrews freezes, shaken. He stands up suddenly.

ANDREWS
Do you have any idea what you're getting into, my man? You think Jack Ruby just up and died of cancer -- four weeks after he gets a retrial, that's a new kinda cancer my man -- you want to dance with the government? Is that what you want? Then be my guest 'cause if the Jolly Green Giant don't get off my back, that government's gonna jump on his head and go "cockle doodle doo!"

He embellishes the last crow, dropping his pink napkin in the crabmeat and wheeling out. Jim is more than a little shaken -- the warnings, the fear in the people's eyes – have told him a truth he now feels if not knows.

EXT. STREET - FRENCH QUARTER -- DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

DEAN ANDREWS talks angrily into a payphone.

ANDREWS
...that goddamn cocksucking sunufabitch dropped that investigation years ago. That's what I thought. Till today....yeah...

EXT. BLACKSMITH'S BAR - FRENCH QUARTER - NIGHT (1967)

A back-street MUSICIAN plays "Just a Closer Walk With Thee" on a clarinet, sweet and sad as JIM, with NUMA and BOXLEY walks down the crowded thoroughfare past a HOOKER who recognizes him and moves away...into an open-aired, predominately gay bar where conversation stops.

INT. BLACKSMITH'S BAR - NIGHT

PEOPLE recognize JIM as the D.A., especially in his lightweight suit and tie and short haircut. NUMA and BOXLEY exchange uncomfortable glances. The famous bar built, during the War of 1812, around a huge fireplace and chimney, with low, thick rafters, has an air of Jean Lafitte pirate intrigue about it.

JIM
You know I used to frequent this place back in my law school days. Dean Andrews was always here. The Owner will remember.(to the nervous BARTENDER) Good evening.

BARTENDER
Evening Mr. Garrison. Not often we get to see you down this way. What can I get you?

JIM
Dry Beefeater martini, please, on the rocks, lime twist (Boxley and Numa make their orders) Is the owner around? Mr...oh, an Italian name I believe.

BARTENDER
Old man Biancalana? He died a couple years ago.

JIM
Oh that's a shame. Nice man. Who's the new owner?

BARTENDER (protective)
He's not here now.

JIM
Well, perhaps you could help us. We're trying to find a man named Bertrand -- Clay Bertrand. We though he might have a drink here now and then.

BARTENDER
Nope. Never heard the name.

JIM
What about your boss? Think he might know?

BARTENDER
I doubt it.

JIM
When's he come in?

BARTENDER
I don't know. He's sort of in and out.

JIM (sipping his drink)
Well, thanks for your trouble. What do we owe you?

BARTENDER (sarcastic)
For the DA, it's always on the house.

EXT. BLACKSMITH BAR - MOMENTS LATER

As they leave PEOPLE resume their conversation. A PANHANDLER spots them and scurries away as do TWO TRANSVESTITE HOOKERS. Another friendly but weird-looking DENIZEN approaches.

MAN ON STREET
Hey where y'at Mr. D.A?

BOXLEY (walking him away)
Look, Boss. You're a popular D.A. D.A.'s y'know -- somehow wreck the party. think you better just leave this operation to us.

JIM (wistfully)
I guess you're right. I guess I'll head home.

MONTAGE OF INVESTIGATION CONTINUING follows, set to Dixieland MUSIC.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NEW ORLEANS - DAY

JULIA ANNE MERCER, 28, looks at JIM with the sincerest eyes. Her HUSBAND, a prosperous Republican businessman, watches from the corner. JIM – along with OSER -- has her Warren Commission Report in front of her.

JIM
...in the report Mrs. Mercer, it says you were at Dealey Plaza two hours before the assassination but that...

MERCER
Yes, it was about 11 in the morning. I was driving west on Elm Street, toward the Triple Underpass in a rented car -- a white Valiant. I'll never forget that day.

FLASHBACK TO:
EXT. DEALEY PLAZA - DAY (1963)

A normal scene. Cars, traffic, people starting to arrive.

A glimpse of JULIA ANNE MERCER, 23, driving, stops in traffic.

MERCER (OVER)
...there was quite a bit of traffic and I was stopped alongside a green pickup truck. It was very noticeable because it was blocking traffic and it was parked with two wheels up on the curb.

She glances over at JACK RUBY in a green jacket, in the driver's seat. Then notices a YOUNG WHITE MAN in his mid twenties, in gray jacket, brown pants, plaid shirt and wool stocking hat, getting out of the passenger side, going to the rear of the van, opening a tool compartment, removing a package that looks like a rifle wrapped in paper. He walks up the embankment in the direction of the picket fence.

RUBY in the driver's seat looks over and stares at Julia Anne, who turns away, notices:

The THREE COPS standing near a motorcycle on the overpass bridge.

Her eyes lock with RUBY a second time and as the traffic moves, she drives on.

MERCER (OVER)
The next morning, Saturday, I went to the FBI office and the agents showed me photographs...

INT. FBI OFFICE - DALLAS - DAY (1963)

MERCER sitting at a table looking at photos. TWO FBI AGENTS stand near her placing photos. She shakes her head "no" several times, until they put a shot of JACK RUBY in front of her. She holds it up.

MERCER (OVER)
I picked out three pictures that looked generally like the driver of the truck and then...

MERCER
That's the man.

FBI AGENT (to 2nd agent)
Jack Ruby

2ND AGENT
What about these others? You said they might be him.

MERCER
They look a little like him. But no (holding up the Ruby photo) I'm sure this is the man.

INT. HOTEL SUITE NEW ORLEANS - PRESENT

JIM (in present intercut)
You mean you identified him on Saturday, the day before Ruby shot Oswald?

MERCER (in present intercut)
That's right. When I saw him on TV, I was shocked. I said to my family, "that was the man I saw in the truck."

JIM(skeptical)
...but you didn't seem nearly so sure in your statement to the Warren Commission.

MERCER (beautifully sincere eyes)
That's what bothers me, Mr. Garrison. You see, they've been altered. My statements...

Jim is silent. Mercer picks up the report, to the pertinent paragraphs:

MERCER
This says "Mercer could not identify any of the photographs as being identical with the person she had observed slouched over the wheel of a green Ford pickup truck". That's not true. I recognized him and I told them so...(reading on) Then this report has me describing the green pickup truck as having a sign on it with the words "Air Conditioning". Well that's just not true either. I always said there was no sign of any kind on the truck. And here...(goes to another report)...on the Dallas Sheriff's report. This is really strange. See that notarized signature on the bottom of each page. That's not my signature. And there was never any notary present during any of my questioning. (hands the papers back to Jim) I guess that's all...

JIM
Miss Mercer, as a former FBI man, it's difficult to accept this.

MERCER
I know but Mr. Garrison, the FBI is just not doing their job.

HUSBAND
I'm a Republican Mr. Garrison and I don't go in for this kind of Government bashing but I got to tell you something's not right when they don't even bother to call Julia in front of the Warren Commission.

JIM
They didn't call a lot of people Mr. Mercer. I think it's now safe to say the Warren Commission is a work of fiction.

MONTAGE DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DALLAS OFFICE - DAY (1967)

BEVERLY OLIVER speaks to JIM and LOU IVON

OLIVER
I was on the south side of Elm, standing closest to the President. I took the whole thing on film...I musta had the killer on the film because the shots were coming from that picket fence area...the FBI took my film and I never saw it again, but I will always believe the man who shot the President did so from the picket fence and no one will ever convince me otherwise.

FLASHBACK TO:
an imaginary 8mm. pov of what her camera might have caught. SHOTS ring out... the blurred shadow of the "BADGEMAN" moving...GORDON ARNOLD shooting his film. None of this explained now. Just a glimpse.

JIM (OVER)
Why didn't you say anything to the police?

OLIVER
Sir, I don't want to become another statistic...like my friend Jada. She danced at Jack's club, she saw the same things I did...and she's dead. Or so they tell me.

INT. DALLAS HOME - DAY (1967)

JEAN HILL, attractive 30ish teacher, talks to JIM and IVON. Her demeanor has a rock solid Texas backcountry conviction to it, a woman not easily frightened.

JEAN HILL
...I was standing on the south side of Elm, next to my friend Mary Moorman who took the photograph when he was killed...

FLASH – the MOORMAN PHOTOGRAPH. Blurry polaroid of the PRESIDENT in the foreground, the picket fence in background. We will return to this photograph in more detail later.

JEAN HILL (OVER)
She fell to the ground right away but I thought it was a firecracker and didn't know better. I was moving to get closer to him, to touch him cause the driver had stopped, the brakes lights were on, when I saw the last shot...just take his head off.
(SOUNDS of shots etch her conversation)

FLASHBACK TO:
EXT. DEALEY PLAZA - DAY (1963)

JEAN HILL'S POV now --

HILL (OVER)
...I saw a man -- shooting from behind the fence. He ran away. He had on a uniform.

FLASHBACK TO:
EXT. THE KILL
Blurry image -- we're not at all sure what or who or if. But just a seed is laid. Now a RUNNING CAMERA POV as Jean Hill runs toward the Knoll alongside OTHERS running, yells, shouts, confusion.

HILL (OVER)
I was running up the Grassy Knoll, thinking our guys had shot back and maybe we got one of them. I don't know what I would have done if I had caught them, but I know something terrible had happened and somebody had to do something.

At the picket fence -- we see blurry images of POLICE, RAILROAD WORKERS, cigarette butts, muddy footprints, confusion...

HILL (OVER)
All I saw in that parking area were railroad workers and police.

TWO SECRET SERVICE types approach her suddenly.

HILL (OVER)
That's when the two men who identified themselves as Secret Service agents come over behind me.

AGENT
Secret Service mam. You're coming with us.

HILL
Oh no I'm not. I don't know you.

SECOND AGENT
I said you're coming with us.

HILL (OVER)
...he put this horrible grip on my shoulder. I can still feel the pain when I think about it.

HILL
I have to go back and find my friend Mary.

The TWO AGENTS with grips on her shoulder hustle her away.

FIRST AGENT
Keep smiling and keep walking.

INT. COURTHOUSE BUILDING - THIRD FLOOR - DAY

HILL, 32 years old that day, is shown into a 4th floor office of the COUNTY COURTS BUILDING with a magnificent view of the entire assassination area. OTHER SECRET SERVICE AGENTS are there.

TIMECUT TO:

TWO MEN are interrogating her.

HILL (OVER)
They musta been watching the whole thing cause they knew everything Mary and me had been doing that day. I wasn't too hard to find -- wearing that red raincoat...

MAN 1
How many shots you say you heard?

HILL
Four to six

MAN
You heard four to six. That's impossible. We have three bullets and three shots, is al we're willing to say...

HILL
...which is strange cause this is less than an hour after the assassination.

MAN 1
...You only heard three shots and you are not to repeat this outside this room...

HILL (OVER)
I was scared, it was all kinda queer but it sure felt like two and two was coming up three...and then they took Mary's six snap shots you know, and they kept three, sent them to Washington and when they returned them weeks later, two of them had the backgrounds mutilated...I didn't want to go to Washington when they subpoenaed me...so the lawyer come down here and interviewed me at Parkland Hospital.

INT. PARKLAND MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - DAY (1964)

A LAWYER interviewing JEAN HILL with a FEMALE STENOGRAPHER.

HILL (OVER)
He asked me why I thought I was in danger and I said:

HILL
Well if they can kill the President, they can certainly get me.

LAWYER
That doesn't make sense Mrs. Hill. We have the man that killed the President.

HILL (as certain as rain)
No you don't!

HILL (OVER)
He kept trying to get me to change my story about the shots. He was getting angrier and angrier, hut telling the woman not to write when he wanted.

HILL
Look, do you want the truth or just what you want me to say?

LAWYER
I want the truth.

HILL
The truth is that I heard between four and six shots. I'm not going to lie for you.

HILL (OVER)
So off the record, he starts talking about my family, and even mentioned my marriage was in trouble. He got angrier and angrier and then:

LAWYER
Look, we can make you as crazy as Marguerite Oswald and every body knows how crazy she is.

HILL (OVER)
I knew something was not right about this, cause no one who is just taking a deposit gets that involved and angry...when I finally read my testimony as published by the Warren Commission, it was a fabrication from start to finish.

On JIM listening, deeply troubled.

JIM
Thank you, Mrs. Hill. Are you willing to testify if need be to this?

HILL (without hesitation)
You're damned right I would. Somebody's got to tell the truth around here cause it sure ain't the Government that's doing it.

MONTAGE DISSOLVES TO:

EXT. DEALY PLAZA / INT. TEXAS SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY - DAY

JIM and IVON walking the floor, looking out.

OSWALD's supposed POV of the limousine as he pulled the trigger. For now, innocuous TRAFFIC goes by but the IRIS of the camera TIGHTENS into sniper's scope.

JIM (OVER)
Tough shot...for a good marksman.

IVON (OVER)
Besides which, there was a thicker tree there back then which was blocking his first shot at the time.

DISSOLVE TO: the thicker bushes of the TREE blocking the shot.

IVON(OVER)
You try to hit a moving target at 88 yards with that cheap bolt action clip fed rifle; he had a four-power telescopic sight he'd never even adjusted. It takes time and skill to adjust a sight. He didn't even reinforce the bullets. I tell you Chief it's impossible shooting. And even if he were able to do it,

SWINGING POVS – so that Oswald's rifle is pointed south right up Houston Street. Following an innocuous CAR, maybe a convertible with an unknown WOMAN driving.

IVON (OVER)
Why not just shoot him coming at you up Houston. Clean, plenty of time...

JIM (OVER)
Didn't Hoover say something about that?

IVON (OVER)
He said there was a tree there or something. Which is horseshit. The only reason for waiting to get him on Elm is if you get triangulated fire coming at him... Put a man there...there...

SWINGING POVS -- the CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING across the street.

The GRASSY KNOLL and PICKET FENCE as seen from the 6th Floor Book Depository -- allowing our audience to understand the possible triangulation of fire.

IVON
The trick of course is to get him to slow down. How do you do that? (points) The original parade route in the paper that morning says he was supposed to continue on down Main Street there. Tough shot. Impossible to hit him.

We see how far Main Street is.

IVON
Sometime in the morning, they changed the route coming this way. Moving at a normal 25 miles an hour, they knew the motorcade would have to slow to about 10 mph to make this turn here..Let's say you're Lee Harvey Oswald, a lone nut. How do you know at the last second they're going to bring the President right past your window?

JIM
Who changed the parade route?

IVON
Beats me. City Officials. Secret Service. Dallas Police.

JIM
Who was the mayor?

IVON
A fellow named Earle Cabell. I checked him out. Guess what?

JIM
What?

IVON
He turns out to be the brother of Charles Cabell and you know who Charles Cabell is?

JIM
CIA?

IVON
Deputy Chief of Operations in charge of the Bay of Pigs. Kennedy fired him in '61 and he made several statements critical of Kennedy. He moved back to the Pentagon.

JIM
Jesus. Did the Warren Commission ever call him?

IVON
No. Maybe cause his boss was the one on the Warren Commission who handled all the leads to the intelligence community.

JIM
Allen Dulles?

IVON (nods)
Head of the CIA since '53 when Kennedy fired him. Cabell was his deputy for nine years.

JIM (sickened)
Talk about the fox investigating the chicken coop. If we subpoenaed them now, we blow ourselves right out of the water Lou.

He walks to another window looking out over the Plaza with all its ghosts, in the empty Book Depository where Oswald supposedly did his dirty deed. Two men -- with only two men's power. A terrible aloneness pervades their minds.

JIM (cont.)
Maybe we should just call it a day, Lou. Go home. While we're still a little behind.

IVON
You, boss...quit? That'll be the day.

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER -- TWILIGHT

BOXLEY walking alongside a JAZZ FUNERAL with a LOCAL GAMBLER type.

MOBSTER
Bertrand? Sure I know him. he comes around the Quarter a lot.

BOXLEY
Who is he, Bert?

MOBSTER
I told your uncle I never a met a lawman who wasn't a punk. Even you Bill, but you're family. He's a big shot businessman. I seen him on the TV news a lot with all the other big shots. A fag, you know. Goes by another name down here.

BOXLEY (excited)
What's his other name?

MOBSTER
Shaw. It's Clay Shaw.

BOXLEY (stunned)
Clay Bertrand is Clay Shaw? The director of the International Trade Mart.

MOBSTER
Yeah, what's the big mystery? Everybody down here knows the guy.

BOXLEY
So why does he call himself Bertrand?

MOBSTER
Who gives a shit what he calls himself?

INT. GARRISON HOME - THAT NIGHT (1967)

LIZ is serving coffee to JIM, LOU IVON, OSER, SUSIE, NUMA -- the round table, after hours conference. the KIDS run in and out of the room, playing. Susie doing the talking, new paperwork, photos.

SUSIE COX
The big question is Who is Lee Harvey Oswald? He's been seen everywhere. Early November a Dallas downtown Lincoln Mercury Dealership where he tells the salesman, Alben Bogard --

FLASHBACK TO:
EXT. LINCOLN MERCURY DEALERSHIP - DALLAS (1963)

OSWALD II. his lookalike impersonator, is deliberately kept in half or three quarter shots, back to camera, a shadowed mystery. Kicks the tires on a used red Mercury Comet.

OSWALD II (cocky)
Let's take it out for a test drive.

The salesman, BOGARD, hesitant. The guy doesn't look like he's got a dime to his name.

OSWALD II (sensing it)
...Hey, I got a lot of money coming in the next two weeks.

INT. MERCURY (FREEWAY) - DALLAS - DAY

OSWALD II driving the Mercury at 60-70 mph up the ramp of the FREEWAY, terrifying BOGARD in the passenger seat.

SUSIE
...despite the face he has no driving license and from what Marina says, does not know how to drive, he hits the curves like Mario Andretti at the Indy 500.

BOGARD. terrified, motioning for him to slow down.

IVON (OVER)
Bogard later told his boss, "He drove like a madman"

EXT. RESUME - DEALERSHIP - DAY (1963)

BOGARD
Three hundred bucks now, down, you can drive outa here with it.

OSWALD II unhappy leaving.

OSWALD II
Who you kidding! For this heap, forget it...No honest working man can afford a car anymore in the goddamn country! Maybe I'll have to go back to Russia to buy a car.

SUSIE (OVER)
...really dumb dialogue like he's trying to draw attention to himself. A real moron. He walks out. The salesmen remember him as about five foot seven. Oswald's Marine records say he was five eleven. Another time he shows up at Silvia Odio's -- a Cuban lady in Dallas...

INT. SILVIA ODIO APARTMENT - DALLAS - NIGHT (1963)

OSWALD II dragging behind TWO CUBANS -- they're important -- one we'll call "THE BULL" cause he's big and has a scar over his left eye. The other we'll call "THE INDIAN" cause he's quiet and thin, and he has the look of death in his eyes.

IVON (OVER)
...working in the anti-Castro underground. The two Cubans introduce him as "Leon Oswald".

Cuts of the MEN talking to a concerned SILVIA as OSWALD II hangs back, watching.

MEN
CUBAN CHATTER AD LIB

SUSIE (OVER)
...they talk, the Cubans want Silvia whose father they know from Miami to help them raise money to off Castro. Something about the men bothers her. She tells them she doesn't want anything to do with violence...about 48 hours later The Bull calls her back.

INTERCUT SILVIA on the phone in her apartment with --

EXT. GAS STATION / INT. PHONE BOOTH - DALLAS NIGHT (1963)

THE BULL (on the phone, in Cuban)
This guy's great, he's kinda nuts...he told us we don't have any guts, you Cubans cause Kennedy should've been wacked after the Bay of Pigs, and some Cubans should've done that, it's easy to do he says, you know he's a Marine, an expert shooter...

His eyes on "OSWALDO" outside the booth with the INDIAN at the GAS STATION. Hanging out. Talking to a MYSTERY MAN, "BISHOP".

Silvia Odio surprised to hear this information volunteered.

SUSIE (OVER)
...It's like he's giving her information she doesn't even ask for. She's scared, doesn't ever see them again till she sees Oswald's picture in the paper. The Warren Commission has Oswald leaving New Orleans to go on his famous Mexico trip during this time period so they conclude old Silvia has bad eyesight. Oswald pops up again and again like a bad penny. A firing range in Dallas where

EXT. DALLAS FIRING RANGE - DAY

OSWALD II shooting at the other man's target.

SUSIE (OVER)
...he decides he needs to practice on the target of the guy next to him. Says something really dumb to the guy who says Oswald was a great shot.

MAN
Hey, watcha doing boy...that's my target.

OSWALD II (laughing)
Hey sorry buddy. I just thought it was that sonufabitch Kennedy y'know. I couldn't help myself (giggles)

"THE INDIAN" is with him, quiet in the background.

JIM (in present)
...about as subtle as a cockroach crawling across a white rug.

Liz listening – increasingly worried by what she hears.

SUSIE (CONT)
...going all the way back to 1961 there seems to be someone impersonating Oswald. In New Orleans at the Bolton Ford Dealership on January 20, 1961, there was another man using the name "Oswald"...representing The Friends of Democratic Cuba...

FLASHBACK TO:
EXT. FORD DEALERSHIP - NEW ORLEANS - DAY (1961)

TWO MEN, one the BULL, the other a thin young ANGLO looking like OSWALD III, another impersonator, about 5'8" – are arguing price with TWO SALESMEN.

BULL (Cuban accent)
...ten trucks mistah, is a lotta money for us, tyou believe in freedom for Cuba, you should give us these trucks at cost, your government wants this, they like us, what's wrong with you, eh?...

OSWALD III (looking at the paperwork)
Listen you better change the name on this. You got "Moore" here, it should be "Oswald" -- "O-S-W-A-L-D". That's my name. I'm the guy that's gonna pay for these trucks. So my name should be on the bid.

SUSIE (OVER)
The salesmen never saw them again, but guess who's on the articles of incorporation of The Friends of Democratic Cuba? Guy Banister. (in present) The Oswald we know is of course in the Soviet Union at this time. But Banister has someone using the name "Oswald" to buy trucks. Even Hoover at the FBI writes a memo dated June 3, 1960 that there could be someone using Oswald's passport and identity, one intell unit crossing another.

JIM
...so Oswald's like an identity you put together, like a post office box with a number.

IVON (in present)
...I always wondered about that. Here's a "lone nut" who can go into any store in Texas and legally buy a cheap rifle. Why does he bother to order a traceable weapon to a postoffice box with the fake name "Hiddell" and carries the name in his wallet.

JIM
Maybe he never ordered the weapon. Somebody else did.

SUSIE
It feels like they put this guy together from day one in the Marines. Or maybe earlier when he was in Ferrie's Civil Air Patrol -- here's a secretive kid, intelligent, wants to be a spy. The name Oswald goes into the central computer. Like a dummy corporation. Send him to Russia, in and out,no passport problems, the word "microdots" in his notebook, the Minox camera and electronic devices they find in his possessions, the sealed CIA 201 file. And then this entirely weird Mexico business, chief.

Passes Jim a photograph of OSWALD IV -- a heavyset older man looking nothing like Oswald I.

IVON
October '63, the CIA says Oswald was in Mexico City at both the Cuban and Soviet Embassies, supposedly he wants to go back to the Soviet Union via Cuba, so goes into the two embassies, makes a scene..

INT. CUBAN EMBASSY - MEXICO CITY - DAY (1963)

OSWALD IV at the desk, arguing with the RECEPTIONIST , then the CONSUL.

OSWALD IV
I need the visa NOW...TODAY...I can't wait a week. I wanna see the Consul

SUSIE (OVER)
Surprisingly the Warren Commission, assuming there was 24 hour photo surveillance of these embassies by our guys, asked for more evidence. The CIA's response after a long delay was that both cameras in both embassies were down.

DISSOLVE TO:

The surveillance camera. OSWALD IV conferring with the CUBAN CONSUL who is shaking his head. They're arguing.

OSWALD IV
I told you the Embassy would give me a visa. I'm a *friend of the Soviet Union*. They pay for you. You're just a fucking bureaucrat! You guys would be out of business if...

CUBAN CONSUL
Signor, *a person of your type I think is hurting our revolution more than helping it*. We do not frankly trust you or this card. We think you are an infiltrator of some kind. Pleas leave or I will call...

INT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - MEXICO CITY - DAY 1963

OSWALD IV conferring with a RUSSIAN OFFICIAL, quiet.

SUSIE (OVER)
Nor does this Oswald speak good Russian like Oswald does. The Soviets in any case don't want him back. They don't know what he is -- or they do and they're not buying. Anyway, after a lot of pressure, the CIA finally hands over this picture of Oswald --

GARRISON looking at the famous picture -- camera closing on this MAN (who will turn out to be MANZ, one of the shooters in Dealey Plaza).

SUSIE
...looks like his father. Or maybe another "handler". For the life of me I don't know anymore, I thought Alice in Wonderland was weird but this family tree don't fork.

JIM
And Ruby?

IVON
I'm digging chief. I just need about 10 more men and $20,000.

JIM
I know you do Lou, you're doing an incredible job, Sue, Al, Numa, all of you.

BOXLEY walks in, highly excited.

BOXLEY
I found Clay Bertrand.

They all stop what they're doing, look.

BOXLEY
You ready for this. Clay Shaw. President of Trade Mart.

JIM (stunned)
Shaw! This is incredible.

NUMA
Pillar of the community by day, gay bars at night.

OSER
I guess it makes sense to change his name, but he's playing with fire. Blackmail, anything...

LIZ GARRISON is the most shaken, as she pours a fresh cup.

BOXLEY
What do we do?

JIM
I think we have him in for a little talk.

LIZ (suddenly)
Jim, you can't. Clay Shaw is one of the most powerful men in New Orleans, honey.

JIM
It'll be off the record, egghead. I'll bring him in on a Sunday. Quiet. A little chat between gentlemen.

She walks out of the room silent. A pause. Tension.

BOXLEY
Once you bring him in chief, people are gonna jawbone like magpies at a fair.

NUMA
Already have. Ferrie, Martin and Andrews are three crows in a tree.

JIM
I think Ferrie's the loose cannon here. Lou, let's get a 24 hour surveillance going on his apartment. Photos of everyone he's meeting. I want all of you to concentrate on anyone who's seen Shaw with either Ferrie, Andrews, Martin , or Banister. Any contact at all.

NUMA
You're talking serious money here boss. We already spent 'bout $9000. The office staff is starting...

JIM (rising, the meeting is over)
Just do it Numa. Politicians are always putting their hand in the public till , I think this is one case that actually merits it.

INT. GARRISON LIVING ROOM - EASTER SUNDAY (1967)

The TV is on to the latest Vietnam Reports -- combat footage.

ANNOUNCER
In heavy fighting in Vietnam today, seven more American soldiers died and 23 were wounded. The body count for this week now stands at 57 Americans and 254 Vietcong killed in action.

LIZ playing with the KIDS -- looking for Easter Eggs. The dog is barking, commotion. Jim is getting ready to go out.

LIZ
Jim, come on honey, get down on your hands and knees and hunt for Jasper's egg

JIM
You know I don't like these tribal rituals, egghead. I'm interviewing Clay Shaw this morning.

TV ANNOUNCER
(as TV cuts to PRESIDENT JOHNSON) President Johnson meanwhile at an informal press conference said he regretted that there is no end in sight to the war in Vietnam, where 500,000 American troops are now fighting. "We face more cost, more loss, and more agony." In his proposal to raise taxes, Johnson...

LIZ (surprised)
But Jim, it's Easter honey. We're taking the kids for brunch at Brennan's like we always do.

JIM
I told you I was going to talk to Shaw.

LIZ
But why in the Lord's name today of all days! When you knew we were...

JIM
Because it's important that's why, I'm sorry...(kisses her, goes)

LIZ
Oh Jim, it's about the only thing I can get you to do with the whole family. The kids are going to be so upset.

The kids watching.

JIM
Look, I'll be there by 2:00, I promise. Go ahead without me.
(he goes)

LIZ
Sometimes I don't know why I bother.

INT. GARRISON OFFICE - DAY - (1967)

CLAY SHAW, late 40's, a big, white haired, handsomely striking man in an elegant white summer suit, is shown in.

Imperiously smoking Gaulois, he has about him an air of authority matched only by Jim's. In the room are SUSIE and BOXLEY

CLAY SHAW (bassoon-voiced)
Mr. Garrison – what can I do for you on Easter Sunday?

JIM
I'm sorry Mr. Shaw to interrupt this holiday but I feel this is a conversation we might better have out of the everyday bustle in this office...

SHAW (sitting)
I'm not sure I understand.

JIM (bringing some papers forward)
Well...in an investigation we're conducting your name has come up a number of times.

SHAW (cold)
I wouldn't imagine where.

JIM
We recently talked to a young man named Phillip Jackson. Do you know him?

SHAW
No, I don't believe I know anyone by that name.

Right away, Jim feels the man is lying. A holding back, an inability to lose himself in what he's saying

FLASHBACK TO:
INT. DIXIE'S BAR - FRENCH QUARTER - NIGHT

JIM
Mr. Jackson told us he met you at Dixie's down on Bourbon Street and several evenings later you had him over for dinner at your apartment on Dauphine Street. Do you recall that?

SHAW and PHILLIP JACKSON, a young, sexy, street-burned chicken, chatting it up at a gay bar.

EXT. DAUPHINE STREET - THE QUARTER - NIGHT

JACKSON admitted to the townhouse. The BUTLER, opening the door, SHAW appearing behind him.

SHAW (OVER, in present)
Of course not. I don't know this man. Obviously then I wouldn't have him to dinner. Incidentally I do not live in an apartment. It's a carriage house, 18th century French design. I've restored it faithfully. You know I am quite an advocate of restoration.

INT. SHAW HOUSE - NIGHT

DINNER is served at a long table by the BLACK BUTLER, a sumptuous setting of silver and candelabra.

JIM (OVER)
Perhaps a few more details about the evening will refresh your memory. Mr. Jackson told us dinner was served by a uniformed waiter -- a black man at a long empty table. He particularly remembers that you sat at one end and he at the other -- which he found rather unusual because the table was so long. Does that bring back memories of Phillip Jackson?

SHAW (in present)
Not at all. But on the other hand, I do have a lovely Chippendale dining table and I often have a friend over sitting at one end while I sit at the other. That is precisely the point of a long dining table. The splendor of the meal adds to the enjoyment of it.

JIM
I would imagine a uniformed waiter helps.

SHAW
It adds a taste of elegance for which I must confess a weakness now and then. I call him Smedley. His real name is Willie Jenkins -- but I could hardly imagine anything more uncouth during dinner than my turning toward the kitchen and hollering "Willie!"...Where is this leading to, Mr. Garrison?

PHILLIP JACKSON, and CLAY SHAW leaving the dining table.

JIM (OVER)
After dinner you paid him to have sex with you.

INT. SHAW BEDROOM - NIGHT

SHAW is being whipped by JACKSON -- a leather mask on his face; handcuffs, mirrors, ropes complete the illusion.

SHAW (OVER)
Pfft! Absolute nonsense. The Quarter is filled with vivid imaginations my dear Mr. Garrison – young men who'll say and do anything.

JIM (OVER, laughs heartily)
...in the course of that night Mr. Jackson said a man named David Ferrie stopped by the house...along with another young man....

INT. SHAW'S ENTREE - THAT NIGHT

FERRIE coming in, with another young CHICKEN

SHAW (OVER)
Who?

JIM (OVER)
...David Ferrie...

SHAW (OVER)
No. I have never known anyone by that name. Of course never having met Mr. Jackson I could hardly have met Mr. Ferrie...

JIM (OVER)
...and that the four of you partied early into the morning hours...

The famous snapshot of the FOUR MEN in drag, smiling for the camera, champagne bottles in hand. Ferrie looks truly grotesque with a long blond wig, his arm cuddling the genitals of his young chicken. Shaw dignified, with his Mozartian wig.

JIM (in present)
Let me show you his picture. (handing a general photo of Ferrie to Shaw.)

SHAW (in present)
No. I'm sure I've never met anyone of such a bizarre appearance.

JIM (handing another photograph)
And Mr. Jackson, of course not?

SHAW (studying it)
I am quite certain. He appears to be a grimy young hoodlum who would hardly be welcome in my home.

INT. BRENNAN'S RESTAURANT - SIMULTANEOUS

LIZ and all FIVE KIDS looking at menus

SNAPPER
I'm hungry! When're we gonna eat!

LIZ
We're going to start without him and he'll be here for dessert. Snapper you put that back!

VIRGINIA
I want a Shirley Temple!

SNAPPER
Me too.

JASPER (disappointed)
When's Daddy coming Mama?

LIZ
Soon. He's real sorry he can't start with us but he's promised to be here...

INT. GARRISON OFFICE - THAT DAY

JIM
Does the name Clay Bertrand mean anything to you?

SHAW (attempting recollection)
Clay Bertrand? Clay Bertrand? I believe there was a man with a name similar to that who worked at the Chamber of Commerce. Is that the man you had in mind?

JIM
No, that was not the man I had in mind. Do you know an attorney by the name of Dean Andrews?

SHAW
One meets so many attorneys in my business. No, I don't believe I know Dean Andrews.

INT. BRENNAN'S RESTAURANT - LATER

All the food on the plates is eaten as the WAITER takes it away. A lull in the kid's faces. Liz looks at the check. Most of the Easter Crowd has already left the restaurant.

EBB
Where's Daddy?

MOM (snaps)
Hush now!

JASPER (pause)
Should we wait Mom?

MOM (almost crying)
I don't think so Jasper. I don't think your Dad is coming to brunch this year.

She pays the bill with the dollars from her handbag.

INT. GARRISON OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

Everyone looks tired as the questioning drags on. Shaw sucking on endless Gauloises.

JIM (handing a photo to Shaw)
Mr. Shaw, can you identify this man?

SHAW
Naturally. (looks up) Are you claiming Mr. Garrison that Mr. Oswald also had dinner with me?

JIM (humorless)
Mr. Shaw, did you ever meet Lee Harvey Oswald?

SHAW (tightens)
You really have me consorting with a cast of sordid characters don't you, Mr. Garrison.

JIM
Please answer the question.

SHAW
Of course not! And I resent this interrogation. In fact I admired President Kennedy. A man with true panache, and a wife with impeccable taste.

JIM shows him a newspaper clipping.

JIM
Mr. Shaw this is an Italian newspaper article in "Paesa Sera" saying you were a member of the Board of Centro Mondo Commerciale in Italy, that this company was a creature of the CIA for the transfer of funds in Italy for illegal political-espionage activities. It says that this company was expelled from Italy for those activities.

SHAW (stony)
I'm well aware this assining article. And I am thinking very seriously of suing this rag of a newspaper.

JIM
It says that this company has heavily fascist ties to the French secret army organization that tried to assassinate De Gaulle in 1960.

SHAW
Nonsense.

JIM
...and that this company is linked to the Schlumberger arms company here in Houma, Louisiana -- which of course was broken into by David Ferrie and his Cubans...

SHAW
Mr. Garrison, you're reaching. I am an international businessman. I trade everywhere. I am accused as are all businessmen of all things. I somehow go about my business, make money, help society to the best I can and try to promote free trade in this world.

JIM
Mr. Shaw, are you or have you ever been a contract agent with the Central Intelligence Agency.

Shaw glares at him. Silence.

SHAW (with powerful contempt)
And if I was Mr. Garrison...do you think I would be here today...talking to somebody like you.

JIM
Of course not. (stands up) Well, Mr. Shaw that's all the questions we had. Thank you for your honesty.

Shaw leaves, looks back at the door.

SHAW
I enjoyed meeting with you gentlemen. It was most pleasant. I wish to extend to each of you – and to each of your ladies and your families – my best wishes for a Happy Easter. (as he exits, we notice a slight limp).

BOXLEY
Whew. What do you think?

JIM
He's lying down the line.

BOXLEY
Yeah – and wishing us a Happy Easter too. Rubbing it in our faces. "Eat your heart out, Mr. DA. You can't lay a finger on me."

JIM
We'll see about that.

SUSIE
I gotta go, Jeff's got the family over.

JIM
Go Susie, thanks for giving us the time today.

INT. GARRISON HOME - THAT NIGHT

JIM walks in, distracted. LIZ is shutting down the house, some of the KIDS still up, some in bed.

JASPER
Daddy! Where you been?

JIM (kisses Liz)
Hi Egghead.

LIZ (seething)
Hi.

JIM
Tough day.

LIZ
My sympathies.

JIM
What's wrong?

LIZ
We waited for you...hours, Jim. Don't you remember?

JIM (contrite)
Oh God! It just slipped my mind. I'm sorry.

LIZ
It slipped your mind! You promised Jim, for God's sakes it's Easter!

JIM
I'm sorry Egghead, I just don't have Easter Bunnies on my mind. I'm thinking about putting John Kennedy's murderers behind bars.

LIZ
You care more about John Kennedy than your family! All day long the kids are asking "Where's Daddy"? What am I supposed to tell your kids Jim!

JIM
Tell them I'm Santa Claus and one of my reindeer caught pneumonia. Tell them I'm the Tooth Fairy. I don't care what you tell them. The truth is I'm doing my job to make sure our kids can grow up in a country where justice won't be an arcane, vanished idea they read about in history books, like the dinosaurs or the lost continent of Atlantis.

LIZ
That's dandy, but it sure doesn't replace a father and a husband on Easter Day.

JIM (angry, turns away)
It's going to get worse honey.

EXT. ANGOLA PRISON - LOUISIANA COUNTRYSIDE - DAY (1967)

APPROACHING CAR POV -- the prison looms over the swamp, dogs patrolling the wire.

VOICE OVER
District Attorney Garrison to see Prisoner 237B. Ward Block 237B. Send him on in.

At the gate, the car is let through.

INT. PRISON DORMITORY - DAY (1967)

One of the CHIEF GUARDS walks JIM and BOXLEY down a weird circus-like atmosphere. In Louisiana the prisoners can wear any outfit they choose which makes this prison look like Mardi Gras. Many TRANSVESTITES.

GUARD (proud)
...we don't need no gates out there. They got the "swamp" (chuckles) many of em gone in there-but none come out...Hey Vernon!

VERNON BUNDY, a late twenties black heroin offender, shuffles over.

GUARD
You got some company, wants to talk wid you. You behave now boy, y'hear?

TIME CUT TO:

Bundy talks, indifferent to the effect his words have on his listeners. A deep Southern black accent, sleepy, rural.

BUNDY
It was July of '63, it was hot too, about 110 degrees. I was on the top of that concrete seawall at Lake Ponchartrain with my cooker...

FLASHBACK TO:
EXT. LAKE PONCHARTRAIN SEAWALL - DAY (1963)

A view of the LAKE, leading to the SEAWALL, blinding white sun, VERNON BUNDY is on the steps leading down to the water, preparing a heroin injection.

BUNDY (OVER)
I was outasight 'cause I was on the stairs goin' down to the water, y'see...

A car pulls into the area disgorging CLAY SHAW.

BUNDY (OVER)
I was looking all round cause I'm skeptical when this fellow gets out of an automobile and walks towards me. He's got a bit of a limp. I don't know whether he's a policeman or what...

OSWALD #1 comes into sight before SHAW gets to the seawall where Bundy is, they enter into conversation. Muttered moments.

SHAW (faint under the wind)
...penetrate this group...we think a plot to kill the President in either Miami or Texas in late November...Cuban Alpha 66...your contact is FBI. Don't come to me...

OSWALD
Yes, sir.

BUNDY (OVER)
Then this other younger fellow comes over and they're talking about 15 feet away from me. Goes on for twenty minutes. I want to get outta there but I can't. The big guy feels like a cop. He gives the young guy I'm not sure what, but it looked like a roll of money. The young guy stuck it in his back pocket.

TIME CUT TO:

OSWALD and SHAW drift away, leaving several yellow leaflets on the ground.

BUNDY coming over and picking them up. It turns out to be some of Oswald's pro-Castro handouts from 544 Camp Street. Bundy uses a leaflet to wrap his dope, nodding, happy.

BUNDY (OVER)
...after they left I picked up one of the papers to wrap up my dope after I shot it.

Back to the PRESENT. BOXLEY shows VERNON the picture of Shaw and Oswald separately.

INSERT them.

JIM
You say this older man limped?

BUNDY (nods at the two pictures)
That's them. The guys who shot the President. (answering Jim's question)
Yes sir, just a slight limp, not much, but it stood out.

Jim searching back, can't remember.

FLASHBACK – SHAW entering his office..not really noticeable but we now JUMP CUT TO:

SHAW, standing at the door looking back for his last comment "have a nice Easter Sunday"...he turns to leave, as he does so twisting his foot as he walks.

JIM (remembers)
You're a convicted heroin user Vernon. You wouldn't be looking for a deal to cut short your prison stay...

BUNDY
No sir, I'll do my time, but I saw the whole thing with my own eyes Mr. Garrison.

JIM
Why should I believe you?

BUNDY
Because I'm telling you the truth sir. I loved John F. Kennedy sir, he did many good things for colored people here. I loved that man. And what happened to him's a damn shame.

EXT. ANGOLA PRISON - DAY - (1967)

Another part of the prison, a work area. WILLIE O'KEEFE, a handsome, muscled young chickenhawk with an earring, a bandana, colorful clothes, an aura of burned truth in his intense, staring brown eyes and thick country accent, talks during his lunch break, his back resting against a tree looking out on a mangrove swamp. OTHER PRISONERS move in background, eating, socializing.

JIM
I want to thank you Mr. O'Keefe for this time.

O'KEEFE
Time? You can call me Willie. I ain't got nuthin but time Mr. Garrison. Minutes, hours, days and years of em. Time just stands still here like a big fat snake sunnin itself on the road...

BOXLEY
Clay Bertrand Willie?

O'KEEFE
Yeah. Clay. I met him sometime in June of '62 at the Masquerade Bar. Dave Ferrie took me there, for the express reason to meet him, well, for sexual purposes.

INT. MASQUERADE BAR - FRENCH QUARTER - NIGHT (1962)

FERRIE, SHAW, and O'KEEFE at the back booth.

BOXLEY (OVER)
For sexual purposes?

O'KEEFE (OVER)
That's right. Hell, it's no secret. That's what I'm in here for.

BOXLEY (OVER)
Did he pay you for this?

O'KEEFE (OVER)
Twenty dollars each time. No prearranged agreement or anything. He just, well, I don't know the legal term, he just fucked me and left me the money.

FERRIE (UNDER, to O'Keefe)
Clara here is a very important and wealthy person.

SHAW
Stop that. I won't be called that.

FERRIE (laughing)
All right Bert.

SHAW (silly)
Actually, I'm not so important. Dave only says that because I happen to be a butch queen (squeezes O'Keefe on the ass).

O'KEEFE (startled)
Don't do that again. I don't care who you are.

SHAW
I was only teasing. I like little boys.

O'KEEFE
Well, go find one. I'm into bondage myself. I like to tie em up and let em hang there. Twist em a few times. I like to hear them squeal, y'know.

Ferrie giggling manically. Shaw getting excited.

SHAW
Oh? I love to be tied up.

O'KEEFE (in present)
Don't get me wrong, he's not one of those, you know, limp wrists. He's a butch John. You'd meet him on the street, you'd never snap. You could go fishing with him, play poker with him, you'd never snap in a million years. So one night we were over at Ferrie's place. Having a party. Sometime in '63 bout a year later.

FLASHBACK TO:
INT. DAVE FERRIE APARTMENT - NIGHT - (1963)

The place is filled with mouse cages for Ferrie's cancer experiments. FERRIE, SHAW, O'KEEFE, FOUR CUBANS in battle fatigues laughing and fooling around, OSWALD II in a corner cleaning a .22. rifle. A record player grinds out a speech in Spanish by Castro. Some OTHER PEOPLE – a beatnik scene, sandals, hanging out, ONE WOMAN.

O'KEEFE (OVER)
...there were about seven or eight people, Cubans, friends of Dave doing some snuff in the bush with him. Place was a mess. Dave's mind was a mess (laughs) y'know he had all them mice cages around cause he said he was working on a cure for cancer or something...Dave really had a brilliant mind y'now -- spoke five languages, knew philosophy, medicine, military history, politics. He had degrees. He wanted to be a priest he said and was defrocked cause he was queer -- but he had a wife y'know never saw her around, secret, probably a switchhitter, Dave, a hawk with the guys though...

BOXLEY (OVER)
He had a roommate?

O'KEEFE (OVER)
Yeah, strange guy. Dave introduced him as...

FERRIE
Leon, say hello to Willie.

O'KEEFE (over the racket)
Howya doing?

OSWALD II (sullen)
Why do you have to bring home every little prick off the street?

O'KEEFE
Fuck you man.

Ferrie separating them.

FERRIE (to O'KEEFE)
Ozzie's in a bad mood, don't get excited. I concocted this aphrodisiac, it makes him passionate and aggressive in bed but he doesn't remember a thing afterwards. Let him be by himself.

JIM (OVER)
Would you say this "Leon" was actually Lee Harvey Oswald?

O'KEEFE (in present)
He sure looked a lot like him but...I can't be positive. Leon was a lot dirtier than the photo Mr. Boxley showed me.

BOXLEY
Go on, Willie.

O"KEEFE (present merging to past)
...well the party got crazier and crazier, one of those y'know "beatnik" type things

FERRIE (to O'KEEFE)
We're having a little meeting here. That's Castro. Sounds like Hitler doesn't he? Sonufabitch is going to go. Real soon.

CUBANS
Muerte a Fidel! Muerte!

SHAW (irritated at the noise, to Ferrie)
Oh stop it already! What are all these people doing here anyway? I can't bear all this infernal noise.

FERRIE
Clara, don't be so sensitive.

SHAW
I didn't come here for a pep rally. Get these fucking people out of here.

FERRIE
Okay okay

TIME CUT TO:

O'KEEFE (OVER)
...finally they got out of there and I found myself alone with Dave and this Leon, two of the Cubans, and this guy Bertrand. Dave pulled out his clippings which he was always carrying around. He'd been obsessed with Castro and Kennedy for months and he started in again...

FERRIE (waving a clipping, drunk)
...That fucking zealot Bobby. Look at this. Our training camp. Took 10,000 rounds, 3000 pounds of gunpowder, all our weapons. Next we'll be living in a world where only the cocksucking reds will have all the weapons and we'll be surrounded. We'll never get into Cuba now, If we want a free Cuba, all we can do now is bump off the fucking beard.

CUBAN
Our hands are empty. How can we kill him.

SHAW
..a real problem getting at him.

FERRIE
(pointing to a map of Cuba on the wall) Why? I can show you a dozen poisons. Stick it in his food, he'll die in 3 days, no trace. We can put something in his beard, make it fall out, he'll look fuckin' ridiculous without his beard.

O'KEEFE (OVER)
...then the Cubans left and the bullshitting was going on, Dave was drunk, really drunk and he starts in with Kennedy again.

FERRIE
You know if we can't get at fuckin' Castro, the other way to go is get Kennedy.

O'KEEFE
Oh c'mon Dave, you're never gonna get that sonufabitch.

FERRIE
No. It won't be long, mark my words. It can be blamed on Castro. Then the whole country'll get enraged and demand we invade Cuba. All we have to do is get Kennedy in the open.

Shaw, who by now has his arms around O'Keefe, laughs, tries to change the subject.

SHAW (fondling)
Oh? What do I see here? Ooooh...

O'KEEFE (interested in Ferrie's proposal))
What about the Secret Service, the cops?

FERRIE (pacing, hyper)
No problem if it's planned. Look how close they got with De Gaulle. Eisenhower was always riding around in an open top. I know somebody who actually went up and touched Eisenhower once. We need to have three people at three different locations. Triangulation of crossfire is the key. The crucial thing is one man has to be sacrificed, then in the commotion of the crowd the job gets done and the others fly out of the country to someplace with no extradition. I could do that myself. I could fly to Mexico, and then Brazil.

SHAW (scoffs at it, handjobbing O'Keefe)
Of course. So we'll leave it all up to a washed up pot like David.

FERRIE
Who you calling a washed up pot?

SHAW (catty)
Well David, you must admit if you were still the man you once were, you'd be flying for Eastern Airlines.

FERRIE
I can fly a plane better than any pilot on Eastern's payroll.
(shows a scar on his midriff)
I flew out of Cuba with a Cuban sticking a bayonet in me right there, I had him on the runway...

O'KEEFE (in present)
I didn't think much about it at the time. Just bullshit y'know...But then when it happened that way, I got real scared. Y'know? Real scared. I didn't mention it to Dave again. But one night...

FLASHBACK TO:
EXT. GAY BAR - FRENCH QUARTER - NIGHT (1964)

O'KEEFE and FERRIE breaking off from a GROUP. FERRIE is soused, walking.

O'KEEFE (OVER)
Dave was really drunk.. Course you know everybody likes to make themselves out to be something more than they are, specially in the homosexual underworld. So I told him he was full of shit, I didn't believe him. He told me...

FERRIE
Oswald didn't kill the President, Willie...

O'KEEFE
A lot you know about it.

FERRIE
...I know cause I was supposed to fly two of the hitters out. Yeah. From South of Houston down through Central and South America into South Africa cause they don't have extradition treaty there. I spoke to Ruby in Galveston, that's why I went to Galveston it was a coded number.I was making the arrangements. (his look)

O'KEEFE (OVER)
I started to realize he was feeling guilty and frightened of something.

FERRIE
...but shit, I wasn't involved in the hit itself. I was just a bit player.

O'KEEFE
But what did you actually do?

FERRIE
Nothing. They told me to wait at a skating rink in Houston for a call from a Cuban named Carlos -- one of the hitters. Him and another Cuban. But they never called. They flew straight down to Mexico. They crashed off of Corpus Christi and were killed.

O'KEEFE
Was the crash recorded?

FERRIE
Hell no. The Naval Air Base in Corpus Christi cleaned it up. The Government knew about it. They know everything that happened (looks suddenly at O'Keefe)
You don't want to know this shit, Willie, or you're dead. You hear me? You don't remember this conversation cause they'll get you.

O'KEEFE (in present)
I thought it was just more of the drunken cock and bull but after that night he'd always talk about it when he was drunk to me and it was always the same and when he was sober, he was always frightened -- extremely frightened.

On JIM in the present, deeply perturbed.

O'KEEFE
And that's when I got popped. What about the parole board, Mr. Boxley?

BOXLEY
We're working on it Willie. It looks good. Tell Mr. Garrison about the other fellow. With Shaw.

O'KEEFE (remembers)
Oh yeah. I forgot. In '63 this Clay Bertrand guy brought a man to the apartment I was living in by mistake.

FLASHBACK TO:
INT. O'KEEFE - NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT (1963)

SHAW putting the key away, walks in with JACK RUBY to see WILLIE O'KEEFE in undershorts sleeping on a fold-out sofa

O'KEEFE (OVER)
...and this guy was a dead ringer for the guy in Dallas who shot Oswald.

JIM (OVER)
Jack Ruby. He came to your apartment by mistake?

O'KEEFE (OVER)
Yeah, I'd just changed apartments. It was next door and I knew it was an apartment used for tricking, but I didn't know other people had the key. Well, I'd just been in there a night or two when here comes this guy Bertrand, just walks in, he had a key. He said...

SHAW (surprised)
What are you doing here?

O'KEEFE
Uh, I live here.

SHAW
You live with Bill?

O'KEEFE
No, I just moved in here...

O'KEEFE (OVER)
So I guess they were looking for Bill. They left.

BOXLEY(OVER)
What'd the man look like?

O'KEEFE (OVER)
A dapper lil ole man wearing one of those straw hats with the short bill on it. I mean dapper. He was all dressed up like to party, you know, in a black suit. When I saw the pictures of the guy later after he shot Ozzie, I'm pretty sure it was him. Looked like a real switchhitter.

On RUBY - a bull, attractive to this boy, giving O'Keefe the once over. The boy is not his type. They leave.

JIM (pause, in present)
Are you willing to repeat your statements under sodium Pentothol, Willie? Under the supervision of a doctor.

O'KEEFE (uncomfortable)
I guess so yeah.

JIM
You realize the things you're saying, Willie, are going to be attacked by a lot of different people.

O'KEEFE
Oh I realize that Mr. Garrison but I'll be honest with you -- it don't bother me.

JIM
Why Willie? Why are you telling us this?

A pause.

O'KEEFE
I guess sir cause Kennedy stole that fuckin election. Nixon was gonna be one of the great Presidents but Kennedy he wrecked this country. He promised the niggers too fuckin much y'ask, where d'ya think we got all this crime now, the niggers all over the place askin for their damned civil rights. In here too, they're acting up. There gonna be any kinda investigation of why he was killed, then maybe the truth can come out about the man cause I'll tell ya this -- the day that sunufabitch died was a great day for this country. I jes' hate to think they're blaming it on some nut like Oswald who didn't know shit anyway. People got to know why he was killed sir, the Truth gonna come out one way or the other.

As he talks, Jim shares a sickened look with Boxley. Whatever truth he may be telling is necessarily compromised by an attitude that could be destroyed in court.

INT. CAR - LOUISIANA ROAD - SWAMP - NEXT MORNING (1967)

BILL and JIM returning to New Orleans.

BOXLEY
Don't get me wrong boss. I really believe Vernon Bundy and some of Willie O'Keefe. But Shaw's got respect. 75% of the people out there -- including the American Bar Association and the editors of all the newspapers -- are gonna think Vernon Bundy is a nigger and a junkie. And Willie O'Keefe is a faggot. Doesn't matter what they say. We'll never get an indictment with them.

JIM
I believe they're telling the truth Bill, I do, with them we can start loosening up some other threads.

INT. GARRISON HALLWAY & OFFICE -
(CRIMINAL DISTRICT COURT) - MORNING SAME DAY ('67)

JIM coming down the corridor with BOXLEY is confronted by some TWENTY LOCAL JOURNALISTS AND TV CREWS. A hubbub of fierce questioning. AD LIBS, but Jim, puzzled, brushes by, seeking refuge in his office.

IVON, OSER, NUMA, COX all waiting for him. The REGULAR STAFF - some 30 people in the office - - are looking, wondering. IVON presenting him with the front page of the New Orleans States-Item.

IVON (present)
Congratulations Boss, you're page one!

INSERT: "DA LAUNCHES FULL JFK DEATH PLOT PROBE - Mysterious Trips Cost Large Sums".

JIM (striding into his office reading it)
Oh Jesus!

IVON
And it ain't pretty (reading his own copy) ...the DA has spent more than 8,000 dollars on unexplained travel and investigative expenses since Nov. 25, 1966.

NUMA (overlapping)
...she went to the public records and got the vouchers we requested for withdrawals

IVON
...if they only knew what we got for those 8,000 bucks.

SUSIE
Clay Shaw must've had something to do with this.

Jim at his desk finishes reading the article. A huge picture of him on the front page. He puts down the paper, reaching for a long, gold pen that is part of the desk set.

JIM
They hunted down the news, it's their business but you'd think they'd make an effort to understand. They're more concerned about the $8,000 than they are about <u>why</u> or <u>what</u> we're doing ... In any event, getting angry doesn't accomplish a damn thing...

As he unconsciously bends the gold pen into a perfect U, then drops it in the wastebasket.

IVON
Excuse me a moment -- Am I in the right office? This is the DA I once knew isn't it?

JIM
This changes everything gentlemen. We either pull out now or we keep going. If we keep going it's going to get hotter than a whorehouse on dollar day. Every nut in the country's going to come to us -- and in the same breath maybe someone who's gonna tell us the truth.

SECRETARY (coming in)
Mr. Garrison, what shall I tell them? They're piling up outside the door. They want a statement, the phones are going crazier than bugs on a cake.

They wait. Jim stands, packs his briefcase with new papers and reference books and heads for the back door ELEVATOR.

JIM
Neither confirm deny or discuss, Sharon. Goodbye gentlemen, I'm going home where I can get a decent day's work done.

His STAFF is amazed.

INT. LOU IVON'S APARTMENT - NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

IVON drinking a beer in front of the TV NEWS in his small bachelor apartment. A fan.

TV NEWSMAN (editorial)
...Mr. Garrison's own silence on the subject has raised some interesting questions. With taxpayer money has he uncovered some valuable new evidence or is he merely saving the information which will gain for him exposure on a national level? Mr. Garrison it seems, should have some explanation.

The phone ringing. IVON picks it up.

IVON
Yeah?

DAVE FERRIE'S VOICE (very agitated)
Did your office plant that garbage in the paper?

LOU
Who is this?

FERRIE (OVER)
You know damn well who it is.

LOU
Dave?

FERRIE (OVER)
Yeah, you got it. Since you're the only straight shooter in that fuckin' office, I'd like an answer from you. Did you plant it?

LOU
Dave, do you think we're out of our minds! The whole building's been a zoo since that broke. We can't get a thing done. Reporters crawling everywhere. You think we want that?

EXT/INT. PHONE BOOTH - - NEW ORLEANS STREET - NIGHT

FERRIE's a nervous wreck in a phone booth on Louisiana Parkway, outside his APARTMENT HOUSE, watching the REPORTERS and TV camera surrounding his home, waiting for him.

FERRIE (yelling)
Somebody planted that fucking story! And somebody tipped-off the press I'm one of Garrison's fucking suspects and they're buzzing around my apartment like bees on a candy bar. I can't go home. I'm out on the street. The maggots are everywhere. Do you know what you've done to me! It's all over the national news now. You know what you've done to me?

LOU
Calm down, Dave, what?

FERRIE
I'm a dead man! From here on, believe me, I'm a dead man.

LOU
What are you talking about Dave? You weren't mentioned in the story. Don't jump to conclusions.

FERRIE
You think your investigation's been all that secret! You know when you talk to people, they talk to other people. People like Andrews, Shaw, Martin...

LOU
What did they...

FERRIE
You still questioning any Cubans?

LOU
Dave, you know that's where this road leads.

FERRIE
It leads farther than that.

LOU
Dave, just calm down. Meet me in the lobby of the Fontainbleau in 20 minutes. I'll have a suite reserved for you under an assumed name.

FERRIE (unsure)
The Fontainbleau? 20 minutes?

LOU (hopeful)
Yeah. Come on Dave, come on our side. I guarantee you the boss would protect you... (long silence as Ferne, torn, agonizes) Dave?

DAVE (dreamy)
...give me protection?

LOU
Yeah! He'd kill for you Dave. He respects you. Your mind.

DAVE
I got no place to sleep. I'll meet you in 20 minutes.

Hangs up. Pause. At his end, Lou Ivon hangs up, excited.

INT. GARRISON HOME - NIGHT

The phone ringing. LIZ picks it up. JIM looking at the TV news: MARTIN LUTHER KING is delivering a speech against the Vietnam War. (taken from the Riverside Church speech of March '67)

KING ON TV
President Kennedy said on one occasion, "Mankind must put an end to war, or war will put an end to mankind." I pray God that America will hear this before it's too late, because today we're fighting a war I'm convinced is one of the most unjust wars that has ever been fought in the history of the world.

LIZ
(on the phone meanwhile, testy) No, he's not here now. And he will not take calls here if he were! So please call the office number. Thank you (hangs up). Two of them even came to the door this afternoon.

JIM
I'm sorry honey.

LIZ (pause)
Jim, I'm scared...

The phone RINGS again. She picks it up angry.

LIZ
Leave us ALONE for God's sake! (slams it down)

It rings again as KING continues on TV

KING ON TV
...sending them 8,000 miles away to guarantee liberties in Southeast Asia which they have not found in Southwest Georgia or East Harlem. So we have been repeatedly faced with the cruel irony of watching Negro and white boys on TV screens as they kill and die for a nation that has been unable to seat them together in the same school.

LIZ
(picks it up, listens) ...it's Lou...

Jim takes the phone

INT. FONTAINBLEAU HOTEL SUITE - THAT NIGHT

JIM and IVON watch as FERRIE paces wildly, speeding.

FERRIE
I'm caught in the middle, they're after me. It's almost over.

IVON
Listen Dave, why don't we order some room service, have a bite, relax. You're safe here. I'll stay as long as you want.

FERRIE
I don't know who to trust anymore. Yeah, sure I could use a pot of hot coffee and a few packs of Camels. You got anything new in the investigation?

As IVON picks up the phone, orders room service.

JIM
You mean about the Cubans getting trained north of the lake?

FERRIE (incoherent)
Oh you got that? Banister's pet project. Getting paid by the government to work against the government. Beautiful. What a mind he had, what a guy Guy.

JIM
Who was paying you Dave?

FERRIE
You think I was a getaway pilot for the assassination, don't you?

JIM
I don't know. Were you? Who told you this?

FERRIE (laughs)
I been doing my own investigating, but it's getting scary. I don't really know shit. I was just...

JIM
Who you scared of Dave?

FERRIE
Everybody! The Agency. The Mob. The Cubans. Yeah, follow the Cubans. Check them out. Here, in Dallas, Miami. Check out a guy named Eladio del Valle. My paymaster when I flew missions into Cuba -- he's somewhere in Miami. You're on the right track.

Lou writing it down. The act of writing makes Ferrie even more paranoid.

FERRIE
Hold it! Hold it! I'm not cooperating with anyone! There's a death warrant for me, don't you get it! Wait a minute. You're not bugged, are you? Let me check you out.

He feels Ivon for bugs, but out of a sense of hierarchy, ignores Jim. He checks around the room -- phone, behind paintings, flower vase, light fixtures as the barry conversation continues:

IVON
Dave, I always play square. No bugs. I'd love you to go on the record, but I'm in no hurry. Whenever you're ready.

FERRIE (checking the room)
I don't have much time (holding his neck) I'm so fuckin tired. Haven't slept since that shit article came out. Why'd you guys have to go and get me involved with this?

IVON
Did we involve you, Dave, or did Clay Shaw?

FERRIE
That cocksuckin' faggot! He's got me by the balls.

IVON
What do you mean?

FERRIE
Photographs -- compromising stuff. And he'll use em. The Agency plays for keeps...(still checking the room for bugs) I knew Oswald pretty well. He was in my Civil Air Patrol unit. I taught him everything. Shit, he was a mean sunufabitch. But he got a raw deal. I feel bad for him. The Agency fucked him. Just like they're gonna fuck me.

JIM
Let me get this straight now. Clay Shaw is blackmailing you?

FERRIE
Fuckin' A. How do you think the Agency gets people to do their bullshit?

Room service knocks, and Ferrie jumps and rushes to the bathroom.

FERRIE
Who is it?

BELLHOP (OVER)
Room service.

JIM whispers something and Lou goes to the door, takes the service table without letting the bellhop in. Jim, very excited continues with Ferrie.

JIM
Was it the same Oswald, Dave, that was in Dallas, or was it an impersonator?

FERRIE
Same one. I didn't know no impersonator.

FLASHBACK -- FERRIE at the party with OSWALD II, the impersonator, per Willie O'Keefe's witness.

Jim, in the present, doesn't feel right about it.

JIM
Did you take a good look at the TV when they had Oswald.

FERRIE
(shrugs, can't be bothered) Black, black -- just give it to me. (takes the fresh coffee from Lou, lights Camels). Shit. I'm so exhausted. My neck is killing me. I've got cancer. Had it for years. You know I been experimenting on mice, trying to come up with a cure.

JIM
Dave, can I just ask you this directly? Did you ever work for the CIA?

FERRIE (laughs)
You make it sound like some remote experience in ancient history. Man, you never leave the Agency. Once they got you, you're in for life.

JIM
And Shaw?

FERRIE
Shaw, Banister, Oswald, Ruby, the Cubans -- all Agency

IVON
What about the Mob? I thought Ruby worked for the Mob?

FERRIE
They're Agency too. Don't you get it? CIA and Mafia together. Trying to bump off Castro. Mutual interests. But the Mob are just hired guns. The Agency always runs the show.

JIM
Then who killed the President?

FERRIE (suddenly hysterical, crying)
Oh man, I can't be talking like this. They're gonna kill me. I'm gonna die. (he sits down, cracking, sobbing)I don't know what happened. All I wanted in the world was to be a Catholic priest -- live in a monastery, study ancient Latin manuscripts, pray, serve God. But I had this one terrible, fatal weakness. They defrocked me. And then I started to lose everything.

Bowing his head, holding it in his hands, the wig starts to come off in his hands.

FERRIE
Shit, forgot to glue this fuckin rug today. You know, at one time I even had a full head of hair like everyone else. And then I lost that. That fuckin Clay Shaw. I hate the bastard. All I got left is in his rotten, bloody hands. He tipped the newspapers -- I know it. That's how the Agency works. They use people, chew them up, spit em out. Now it's my turn.

JIM (empathetic)
Dave, it's going to be okay. Just talk to us on the record and we'll protect you. I guarantee it.

A long silence. Ferrie, spent, stares at Jim. He's torn, about to crack, wishing he could believe him.

FERRIE
They'll get to you too, they'll destroy you...(then) I'm so fucking exhausted I can't see straight.

LOU
Get some rest, Dave, and you'll feel better in the morning.

FERRIE
Yeah, yeah. But leave me alone for awhile. I got to make some calls. We'll talk tomorrow.

His eyes going again. Deals. Intrigue -- *thru the tears.*

LOU
Whatever you say Dave. I'll be home. Okay --

Lou and Jim share a look.

EXT. FOUNTAINBLEAU HOTEL - LATER THAT NIGHT (1967)

IVON sits in a car staked out alone. His POV --

FERRIE comes out in a jacket and wig glued on, hurrying into a CAR driven by a CUBAN man.

IVON pulls out after him.

INT. GARRISON CORRIDOR - DAY (FEW DAYS LATER) (1967)

A MOB SCENE. PRESS from the U.S. and all over the world are filling the corridor. A FRENCH REPORTER trying to get through the RECEPTIONIST as NUMA passes him with a stack of mail. Also in the hall are many individual CITIZENS come to confess -- one of them dressed as SATAN in a red jump suit with mask, horns, tail and a pitchfork.

FRENCH REPORTER (waving credentials)
Paris Match. We are the largest magazine in all of France.

SOVIET REPORTER
My name is Bulgarinov. I am with *Literaturnaya Gazeta* of Moscow.

AMERICAN REPORTER
Bill Turner. *Ramparts.*

A BLACK MAILMAN coming through lugging three sacks of mail.

MAILMAN
Coming thru, out of the way.

RECEPTIONIST 2
You know who killed the President? Mr. Garrison is busy but his assistant...

Camera moving by into the INTERIOR OFFICES.

INT. BOXLEY'S OFFICE - MONTAGE

A man dressed like JULIUS CAESAR walks into BILL'S OFFICE.

CAESAR (raising arm)
Hail! Et tu, Brutus?

BOXLEY
And you too, my friend...

Escorting him out before he gets the chance to sit down. Boxley heads for Jim's office.

INT. OSER OFFICE - DAY

Oser looking at this strange box brought in by an INTELLECTUAL.

OSER
An organ box?

INTELLECTUAL
No, orgon box -- the sexual energy surrounding us. With this box Mr. Garrison can tell who's telling the truth and who's lying...

INT. COX OFFICE - DAY

OLD LADY
...You see Ms. Cox, Clay Shaw is the reincarnation of Prince Valiant. I have the evidence right here.

She hands SUSIE a comic book with Shaw's head pasted onto Prince Valiant's body. As she looks at it, an indecipherable VOICE squawks over the PA system.

OLD LADY
Oh no, is that the Phantom I hear?

INT. JIM'S OFFICE - DAY

NUMA joins him with a stack of new mail.

NUMA
Jesus, it takes twenty minutes to get into this office these days, are we famous or what?

JIM reading "*Newsweek*". Newspapers all over his desk, deeply hurt.

JIM
Notorious is more like it. "Jim Garrison is right. There has been a conspiracy in New Orleans -- but it's a plot of Garrison's own making"...and this -- "one of DA's investigators offered an unwilling witness $3000 if only he would fill in the facts of the alleged meeting to plot the death of the President" ...how can they write that, how do they know this...(sorting thru others). "A charlatan," "power-mad", a "hulking DA" (New York Post), "Morbid Frolic in New Orleans".

BOXLEY has come in during this, completely frazzled.

BOXLEY
It's a zoo out there. You know how many crazies...

NUMA
Sensational garbage sells newspapers Jim. What else is new? Look at the thousands of letters you're getting, that's where the heart of the country is. (reads from one) "Dear Mr. Garrison, God bless you for having the courage to go after the murderers of President Kennedy. Please don't stop till they're behind bars. I am a beautician here in Hannibal, Missouri and my husband is a janitor in the local high school. We have four kids and not an extra lot of money but we enclose a contribution to help with your work. We are praying for you. God bless, Judith Hardy, Hannibal Missouri."

Numa pulls a dollar bill from the envelope.

NUMA
That's what it's about boss. For every lousy article in the press there's a hundred of these. Holy pictures. Prayers from saints. People wanting a lock of hair. Fifty cents, a quarter, a dollar.

Jim moved. Not Boxley.

BOXLEY
That's fine Numa but what about all the people who aren't writing letters. They're sitting home reading all these lies. I just heard NBC's crew in town to do a white paper, not on the Kennedy killing but on us. One of their top guys, Walter Sheridan's talking to everybody he can find about you boss...

JIM (further depressed)
Oh Jesus. Sheridan...Why doesn't he call me?

NUMA (pissed at Boxley)
What do you want to do Bill, fold up and close the store? You sure sound like it.

BOXLEY
Look, this is bigger than all of us. Damn it we can't try a case in this atmosphere , we can't even come to work without a reception full of crazies. We've stumbled into something we know nothing about it and I tell ya this we'll be lucky to get out of it with our skins!

SHARON has come in during this, signalling to Jim who is surprised by Boxley's turn but listens. Maybe he is right.

SHARON
Mr. Miller's been waiting.

JIM (remembering)
Oh! Send him in. (to Numa) This sounds interesting. Denver oilman wants to help us financially to continue the investigation. (specifically to Bill). Bill, I know what you're thinking but sometimes when it makes no sense you got to persevere. You never know which one of those people you're interviewing will give you that nugget leads to the mother lode.

MISTER MILLER, the Denver oilman, is shown in by SHARON. A self-assured, impressive man in his fifties, western accent, cowboy boots, a well cut gaberdine suit.

JIM
Welcome Mr. Miller. Jim Garrison. Would you care for some coffee?

MILLER
Yes thank you Mr. Garrison. Your coffee's almost Turkish down here but I could get used to it.

Numa leaves. Boxley indicates he'd like to sit in. Jim nods okay. Miller pays no attention to Boxley.

MILLER
I'm glad you could find time to see me. I flew down from Denver this morning on my private jet.

JIM
Yes, your letter indicated you were in the oil business up there.

MILLER
I've done quite well in Denver, Mr. Garrison but I have to admire someone like you – and I have the means to back up what I say.

JIM
We can use all the support we can get. I think these might interest you.

Jim has gathered together a group of PHOTOS of the shooting. SHARON bringing the coffee.

JIM
They've been enlarged and show much detail...

MILLER
Splendid, love to see them.

He glances at the photos but continues on across the room, looking at the pictures on the walls.

MILLER
Where were you? Europe, Pacific?

JIM
Germany.

MILLER
You were lucky. I spent three years in the Pacific.
(looking out the blinds at Tulane Avenue)
I've never seen an avenue with such a profusion of bail-bonding companies? Why is that?

JIM (nettled by his moving around)
I imagine because this is the Criminal District Court Building (showing the Altgens enlargement photo). In this enlargement the explosion looks like it was actually caused by a frangible bullet.

MILLER
(takes the photo, glances at it, sitting down)
I know about that shot. A terrible tragedy.
(puts the picture back on the desk)
How much do you have for carrying on your investigation?

JIM
If you must know, virtually nothing.

MILLER
How many men are working with you on this?

JIM
Less than you would guess. Most days two to three assistant D.A.s. A handful of police investigators.

MILLER
That's all you've had all this time?

JIM
That's it.

Jim expectant of some help. A pause. Then:

MILLER
Then how did you manage to make you way into Guy Banister's operation?

The clock is ticking. Jim sharing a look with Bill. The cards are on the table..

JIM
How did you know that Mr. Miller? It was never in the newspaper.

Miller smiles, stands, paces the room. He continues to ignore Boxley completely.

MILLER
I'm going to be very frank with you. You've done a great job, an astounding job considering the limited resources available to you. But the best you can ever hope for is to stir up a lot of confusion. You're not going to do this country any good, and you're not going to do yourself any good. (Sits back down, looks directly at Jim) You don't belong here. On this Mickey Mouse street with that cheap strip of bail bond shops.

JIM
The job manages to keep me pretty busy

MILLER
Nonsense. You should be in a job where you can make decisions that have impact, affect the world. Here you're trying to climb up the steep side of Mount Everst

He leans forward across Jim's desk, tapping his manicured index finger on the desk. Clearly visible to Jim is:

INSERT -- Miller's Annapolis RING tapping.

MILLER
I propose you accept an appointment to the bench in Federal District Court and move into a job worthy of your talent. (he leans back, a pause) Do you have any idea, do you have any conception of how easily such an appointment can be arranged. I'm guaranteeing it.

JIM
And what would I have to do?

MILLER
Stop your investigation....it was a magnificent effort but it's over and done with. The press is already on your behind and that's only the beginning, my boy, only the beginning...

JIM
How long do you think it would take me to be appointed?

Eyes to Bill. Jim could be wrong, but it's almost as if Bill were going along with it now -- the idea.

MILLER (smile's, Jim's hooked)
Well, ordinarily these things take a long time. But in your case with your record it can easily be expedited.

Jim leans back, puts his feet up on the corner of the desk, waving them like fans. Boxley waits.

JIM
Who are you, Mr. Miller? (no answer, just the overhead fan) You see that helmet over there? (the Nazi helmet with a bullethole on his desk) I picked that up at the Dachau concentration camp when we liberated it in 1945. It was the most horrifying sight I've ever seen Mr. Miller. Pyramids of

JIM (CONT)
decaying, stinking bones and skin one on top of the other. I don't enjoy looking at that swastika every day Mr. Miller but I keep it there to remind me of what can happen when a country turns from free democratic principles to Fascism, when a few madmen turn human beings into digits and millions sit in silence and do nothing about it.

Miller waits. Sciambra waits. Jim comes forward with his reply.

JIM
Mr. Miller, you and I have met under a great misunderstanding. I haven't the remotest interest in becoming a federal judge. And nothing is going to keep me from going ahead with my investigation of John Kennedy's murder.

Miller's entire demeanor tightening into a corkscrew of anger and danger.

Boxley has a stranger reaction -- a sudden exhalation of breath as if an entire house of cards were collapsing. He rises, but Miller goes first, looking silently. Once he's gone, Bill turns wearily to Jim.

JIM
Billy, Mr. Miller and I have finished our conversation. Would you show him out?

BOXLEY
Those bastards!....Well they offered you the carrot and you turned it down....you know what's coming next don't you?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - ANOTHER DAY (1967)

The STAFF is assembled.

IVON
Chief, I tell you something or somebody is putting tremendous heat on David Ferrie. I think if we sit on our behinds any longer, I don't think the guy's going to hold on.

SUSIE (disagrees)
I still don't think we have enough to call him to a Grand Jury yet. Also, he keeps changing what he says.

OSER
My instinct is that Ferrie is going to keep on deteriorating, and we'll end up getting more out of him when he finally cracks. If we call him now, he might freeze up and we could lose the best shot we've ever had.

IVON
You don't get it guys -- he can't go down any further. He's terrified! We got to protect him full time.

JIM
I know what you're going through Lou. How about his Cuban friend?

IVON
Eladio del Valle. I talked to him. I gotta go to Miami. I just need more men, boss I can't even pull the teams for Ferrie...

NUMA rushes in with a young INVESTIGATOR, WILLIAMS -- displaying a miniature microphone.

NUMA
HOLD IT CHIEF....

JIM (to LOU)
We'll wait on Ferrie then. You just need some sleep Lou, it won't look so bad when...

Numa making violent signals to shut up, not to talk -- sticking the microphone in front of Jim. Williams searching the walls for the bug. Numa signalling everyone outside.

INT. MAIN OFFICE

SECRETARIES deluged with work, PEOPLE ad libbing for Jim's attention. The MAIN STAFF comes out. Enough noise to drown out anyone overhearing.

JIM
What the hell is....

NUMA
We found this in your office. You got young Williams to thank...We think the conference room is bugged. And maybe the phones. We gotta debug the whole office.

The whole staff from the conference room reacts.

JIM
I don't believe it! Bugging a D.A. and a former agent. It's outrageous!

Sharon, who's been standing there trying to get Lou's attention.

SHARON
It's urgent for you, Mr. Ivon....

Lou goes to the phone.

NUMA
Well believe what you want boss, but we got to be more careful, all these new volunteers.

JIM
I want to talk to the FBI about this. I have a plane to Washington. I can't cancel. Interesting lead. A man says he worked in a branch of government closely connected to these events, but...

BOXLEY (nervous)
Boss, you shouldn't travel alone anymore, it could be another setup. Let me go with you.

JIM
No Bill, thanks but we need every man we can get here. ... check out this FBI thing for me, will ya, I'm pissed-off...who the hell?

Everyone noticing by now the look of shock on Ivon's face as he holds the receiver.

LOU
Dave Ferrie's dead. The body was found at his apartment two hours ago.

Jim's look -- there goes the case.

EXT/INT FERRIE APARTMENT - LOUISIANA PARKWAY - DAY

Jim and his STAFF storming in. The area cordoned off by POLICE. PRESS are all over, yelling questions at Jim.

JIM (to Chief COP)
This case is in our jurisdiction. I don't want anyone from a federal agency in here without an explicit federal court order. You got that Hank? (Hank looks at him weird, paranoid)

TV MAN
Was Ferrie murdered Mr. Garrison? Do you have any leads?

The apartment is filthy and sinister. Hundreds of MICE squeal in their cages, upset by the invasion of men and light. Nothing seems to have been washed in years, an accumulation of furniture, including the dismembered training cockpit, photos of young boys in training, books everywhere.

FERRIE'S naked body lies on the couch, a sheet over it, no wig, no painted eyebrows. The CORONER preparing him for removal.

Jim studies the corpse as the CORONER comes alongside.

JIM
What's it look like, Ben?

CORONER
I don't see any violence Jim. Heart attack, maybe an aneurism. Looks like natural causes.

Jim picking up several empty medicine bottles on a table next to the sofa's, the caps removed, looking at them.

IVON and BOXLEY come over with a suicide note, typed.

BOXLEY
It's addressed to no one and no signature. "To leave this life is, for me, a sweet prospect. I find nothing in it that is desirable and on the other hand, everything that is loathsome"...

IVON
Pretty corny for someone as bright as David.

It hangs there, weird, as Jim paces on into the apartment, one of the medicine bottles in his hand. Music grows, a sinister feel of danger and death pervades the atmosphere. Sounds drop away.

INT. BATHROOM

In the BATHROOM, along both sides of the mirror Jim finds globs of purplish glue. He looks up into the mirror.

FLASHBACK TO:
INT. FERRIE APARTMENT - NIGHT BEFORE

FERRIE appears, terrified, begging, pleading, running into the toilet to hide, chased by TWO CUBANS, BULL and the INDIAN...they catch him at the sink, yank him back by the hair, start forcing medicine down his throat...

Back to Jim, looking at the medicine in his hand. Moving thru DAVID'S BEDROOM. Gives the medicine to Lou.

LOU
Proloid?

JIM
I took it once for a low thyroid condition...(walks away)
It raises the metabolism, Lou.

LOU
And?

JIM
Did David Ferrie strike you as the kind of person who had a low metabolism...?

LOU
I'd say the opposite -- hypertension.

FLASHBACK -- FERRIE that night at the Fontainbleau moving quickly, nervously, like a ferret.

INT. CLOSET

Jim running an eye through Dave's closet, cluttered with shabby jackets. His eye falls on a neat but faded lace and satin, some sort of priestly garment. He holds it in his hand.

JIM
Ferrie was the only one, you know, to express some kind of remorse about this whole thing. I think it got him killed.

The music is eerie. Jim turns away as SUSAN COX walks in, a new message written on her face. Before she speaks:

FLASHBACK
EXT. MIAMI PARKING LOT - NIGHT

TWO unidentified CUBAN MALES are working DEL VALLE over, his mouth taped.

SUSIE (OVER)
Chief, we just got bad news from Miami. They found Eladio del Valle this morning, hacked to death with a machete in his car. He was tortured, shot in the heart at pointblank range and his skull was split open with an axe...

LOU (OVER)
Jesus!

Jim darkened, heads back into the LIVING ROOM. The corpse of FERRIE is being trundled out the door. The sickness is everywhere, an oppressive mood. BOXLEY comes up:

BOXLEY
Found another note, same thing, no name, no signature. "I offered you love. All I got in return in the end was a kick in the teeth. When you receive this, I will be quite dead, so no answer will be possible"

JIM
Keep looking, you'll probably find a standard form somewhere.

FLASHBACK
INT FERRIE APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

The TWO CUBANS typing the note, or else trying to force FERRIE to sign it as he dies, struggling to keep his metabolism in check, an ugly sight. He convulses, dies... The music eerie, screeching as:

PRESENT -- JIM, feeling this nausea, wanting to leave, stops the CORONER before he exits...

JIM
Ben, what would happen if a man suffering from hypertension were to take an entire bottle of Proloid?

Give the Coroner the empty bottle.

CORONER
Shit, the man would die pretty quickly, either of a heart storm or a ruptured blood vessel in the brain.

JIM
Can you ascertain if there's Proloid in his system?

CORONER
Not in a routine autopsy, but if we looked at the spinal fluid, there might be a high level of iodine. I'll check it out but what difference does it make how he did it?

JIM

Well, it's a strange way to do it, isn't it Ben -- to kill yourself in a way that leaves no trace and then to leave two suicide notes?

The CORONER shrugs, skeptical.

CORONER

I've seen stranger suicides. (exits)

BOXLEY

The fact is he's gone chief, and with it our case.

IVON

Not unless we go for Shaw now. Before he gets wacked.

BOXLEY

We can't go for Shaw with a fruit and a junkie.

JIM (angry)

Allright, allright. Break it up.

IVON

Where you going boss?

JIM

I don't know, Lou, I don't know.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. MONUMENT - DAY (1967)

A tall, erect, military MAN in his 50's waits in casual civilian clothing, hat on his head, as JIM approaches him. In background looms either the Lincoln Memorial or the Capitol building spread along a verdant PARK or MALL.

X

Mr. Garrison?

JIM

Yes.

X (shakes hands)

I'm glad you came. I'm sorry about the precautions.

JIM

Well, I just hope it was worth my while, Mr....

The man indicates a bench, not answering. Jim naturally after his meeting with Miller, the Denver oil man, must suspect this man. Compounded by his own weariness and sense of defeat over the loss of Ferrie, Jim is in a testy mood.

X

I could give you a false name, but I won't. Just call me X.

JIM
I've already been warned by the Agency Mr. Whoever. If this is another type of threat, I don't...

X
I'm not with the Agency Mr. Garrison and I assume if you've come this far, what I have to say interests you. But I'm not going to name names, or tell you who or what I represent. Except to say -- you're close, you're closer than you think...

Jim's growing excitement. Something about the man spanks of authority, knowledge, and above all, old fashioned honesty in the way of speaking, the eyes looking you straight. The accent is Massachusetts.

JIM
What is it you have to offer Mr. X?

X (CONT.)
Everything I'm going to tell you is classified top secret...(significant look). I was a soldier, Mr. Garrison. Two wars. I was one of those secret guys in the Pentagon that supplies the military hardware – the planes, bullets, rifles – for what we call "black operations" -- assassinations, overthrows of foreign governments, rigging elections, propaganda, psych warfare and so forth. World War Two -- Rumania, Greece, Yugoslavia, I helped take the Nazi intelligence apparatus out to fight the Communists.
Italy '48, France -- we overthrew Quirino in the Philippines, Arbenz in Guatemala, Mossadegh in Iran. Vietnam in '54, Indonesia, Tibet, we were good, very good. Then we got into the Cuban thing. Not so good. Set up all the bases for the invasion supposed to take place in October '62. Khrushchev sent the missiles to resist the invasion, Kennedy didn't invade and we were standing out there with our dicks being stepped on. Lot of pissed-off people Mr. Garrison, you understand? I'll come to that later...In November '63, two weeks before the assassination...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. PENTAGON OFFICES - DAY (1963)

X striding down a busy HALL, into the offices of one of his superiors, MAJOR GENERAL Y – a lean, cold warrior, battlefield handsome, civilian clothes, and SEVERAL ADVISERS. The status of Y is only clear by the sign on the desk, the name blocked by a passing figure.

X (OVER)
...a strange thing happened. I was sent by my superior officer, call him Y -- to the South Pole as the military escort for a group of international VIP's.

Vague AD LIB mutterings on the soundtrack. A friendly atmosphere.

EXT. AIR FORCE PLANE - DAY (STOCK FOOTAGE)

Flying to the SOUTH POLE. Ice caps.

EXT/INT. NEW ZEALAND AIRPORT - DAY (1963)

X at a newsstand reading of the assassination.

X (OVER)
It wasn't until I was on my way back in New Zealand that I read of the President's murder. One of the things that's always bothered me was it was only 4 o'clock Dallas time, but in New Zealand they already knew the entire history of Oswald and were pretty sure of the fact he was the lone assassin, this was before he was even charged in Texas. It felt as if, well a cover story were being put out like they would in a black op.

INT. PENTAGON OFFICES -- DAY (1963)

X coming back, meeting Y. A cordial atmosphere but Y is slighuly different -- more harried, more nervous, turns away...(AD LIB some visuals with X)

X (OVER)
Anyway...after I came back I asked myself why was I, a chief of special ops, selected to travel to the South Pole at that time to do a job that any number of others could have done. One of my routine duties if I had been in Washington of course was to arrange for the President's security in Texas. I checked it out and sure enough, I found out my superior officer had told the 112th Military Intelligence Group at 4th Army Headquarters at Fort Sam Houston to "stand down" that day, over the protests of the unit Commander, a Colonel Reich...

Y on a phone.

EXT. TEXAS ARMY HQ - DAY (1963)

INT. - SAME - DAY

COL. REICH on a phone, puzzled.

X (OVER)
Now this is significant because it is standard operating procedure especially in a known hostile city like Dallas to supplement the Secret Service which has a limited scope. Even if we'd allow the bubbletop to be removed from the limousine, we'd put at least 100 to 200 agents on the sidewalks, without question!

EXT. DEALEY PLAZA - DAY (1963)

A hypothetical image – ARMY AGENTS out of uniform on the sidewalks, looking up, and around...

The open windows all along the route.

X (OVER)
We probably would've sealed all those open windows, and if not...

EXT. PLAZA - ARMY SNIPERS on various ROOFTOPS - DAY (1963)

X OVER

..we would have had our own snipers covering those windows like hawks. We would've been watching the crowds -- never would have let a man open an umbrella along the way --

EXT. PLAZA - DAY (1963)

The "UMBRELLA MAN" opening his umbrella seconds before the fatal shot.

X (OVER)

Never would've allowed that limousine to slow down to 10 mph, much less take that unusual curve at Houston and Elm, you would have felt, Mr. Garrison, an Army presence in the streets that day, but none of this happened. It was a violation of the most basic protection codes we have. Who could have best done that? People in my organization, Mr. Garrison. People like my commanding officer would've told Col. Reich, "look we have another unit coming from so and so providing security, you'll stand down". That day in fact there was some individual Army Intelligence people in Dallas and I'm still trying to figure out who and why. But they weren't protecting the President.

EXT. PLAZA - AN ARMY INTELLIGENCE MAN taking a shot with a Minolta camera at the Plaza.

X (OVER)

Intell had a "Harvey Lee Oswald" on file but they won't release that file. In fact those files have been destroyed. On top of that, we had the entire Cabinet on a trip to the Far East. We had a third of the combat division returning from Germany in the air above the United States at the time of the shooting, and at 12:33PM, the telephone system went out in Washington and on the plane back to Washington, the word came from the Pentagon to Johnson that one individual performed the assassination. Does that sound like a bunch of coincidences to you, Garrison?

On JIM in the present listening. This is pretty heavy on him because it is much larger than he ever envisioned. X pauses.

X

I never thought things were the same after that. Vietnam started for real. There was an air of, I don't know, make believe in the Pentagon and CIA. Those of us who'd been in secret ops since the beginning knew the Warren Commission was fiction, but there was something...deeper, uglier. And I knew Allen Dulles very well. I briefed him many a time in his house. But for the life of me I still can't figure out why he was appointed to investigate Kennedy's death. I got out in '64, resigned my commission.

JIM

Why?

X (chuckles)
That's the real question isn't it, glad you're asking it -- the "how" is just "scenery" for the suckers... Oswald, Ruby, Cuba, Mafia, it keeps people guessing like a parlor game but it prevents them from asking the most important quesuon -- Why? Why was Kennedy killed? Who benefitted? Who has the power to cover it up?...you know in '61 right after the Bay of Pigs -- very few people know about this -- I participated in drawing up National Security Action Memos 55-56-57. These are crucial documents, classified, but basically in them Kennedy told General Lemnitzer of the Joint Chiefs that from here on forward...

FLASHBACK TO:
INT. PENTAGON OFFICES - DAY ('61)

The DOCUMENT moving by hand into Lemnitzer's OFFICE where a set of hands reads it. A look on Lemnitzer's face of surprise.

X (OVER)
...the Joint Chiefs of Staff will be wholly responsible for all covert paramilitary action. This basically ended the reign of the CIA -- "splintered it" as he promised he would into a "1000 pieces". I can't tell you the shock waves this sent along the corridors of power in Washington. This and of course firing Allen Dulles, Richard Bissell, and General Charles Cabell, all of them tied to Intell since World War Two. You got some very upset people here.

DOCUMENTARY IMAGES – ALLEN DULLES, sweet faced, smiling at the Warren Commission Hearing, visiting Dealey Plaza...Gen. CABELL if any available footage.

X (OVER)
These action memoranda however were never really implemented. McGeorge Bundy (who's brother William was high in the CIA) saw to that, but one of the results was that the Cuban operation was turned over to my department as "Operation Mongoose" which meant that people like my superior officer, General Y, took over the Cuban personnel that were being trained to invade Cuba and kill Castro – and the bases like the training camp at Ponchartrain in your home state – that were closed down by Kennedy.

FLASHBACKS -- the "BULL" and the "INDIAN", two of those Cuban assets killing FERRIE...the FBI raid at Ponchartrain...

X (OVER)
...and that's how the "black ops" people, people like my superior officer, ended up taking the rules of covert warfare they'd used abroad and brought'em into this country...

EXT. ARLINGTON CEMETARY - DAY

JIM at the grave of PRESIDENT KENNEDY. Birds sings. The eternal flame. Jim thinking about what he should do now. Lost.

INTERCUT TO:

DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE

DACHAU concentration camp. Thousands of bodies piled, bulldozed.

Back to JIM at Arlington reliving it:

X (OVER)
...don't underestimate the budget cuts Kennedy called for in March of '63 either – close to 52 military installations in 25 states, 21 overseas bases, you're talking big money. You know how many helicopters have been lost in Vietnam? About three thousand so far. Who makes them? Bell Helicopter. Who owns Bell? Bell was near bankruptcy when the first National Bank of Boston approached the CIA about developing the helicopter for Indochina usage. How 'bout the F-1 fighters? General Dynamics in Fort Worth. Who owns that? Find out the defense budget since the war began. $75 going on a hundred billion! In 1950 it was $13 billion. No war, no money. Eisenhower warned us about it, "beware the military-industrial complex," he said. Kennedy wanted to end that Cold War on his 2d term, he signed that treaty with the Soviets, he backed down on the '62 Cuban invasion and he set out to withdraw from Vietnam. Another interesting highly classified document is NSAM 273...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY (1963)

LYNDON JOHNSON with HENRY CABOT LODGE, all shadowy figures seen from a distance across the wide room, or near a veranda with a porch and plenty of light. Johnson, his back to us, talks in a loud thick Texas drawl (mostly muted), signs a document.

X (OVER)
...signed by Mr. Johnson on Nov. 24, only two days after JFK was shot, on a Sunday too, it must've been important ... that memo essentially cancelled the withdrawal from Vietnam and recommitted us there not only to "help" but to "win". In that document lay the Vietnam War...

On JIM (the present) staggered by all this information. X ceases walking. Looks at Jim.

X
Maybe these are some of the 'whys', Mr. Garrison, maybe not. I'm still thinking, I'm still puzzled.

JIM
I don't ... I can't believe it.

X
Don't. Don't trust me. Do your own work, your own thinking.

JIM
Testify.

X

No chance in hell, Mr. Garrison. I'd be arrested. You too...it's only background, you got to find the foreground, the little things ... keep digging, y'know you're the only person ever to bring a trial in the murder of John Kennedy.

JIM

I haven't yet.

X (rises to leave)

You will, you don't have the choice. You're a threat to the national security structure, young man. They would've assassinated you but you got a lot of publicity, so they'll go after your credibility and destroy it; they already have in many circles in this town, you're some kinda southern caricature to many folks. Be honest, the best chance you got is make as big a stink as you can and get some people out there to talk to you, 'cause people are kinda dumb, they're suckers for the truth and the truth is on your side, bubba'...I hope you get a break...

Jim watching this mystery man walking away. The figure vanishes in the Washington breeze. Flags flapping over some distant memorial to some distant history of the Republic.

EXT. CLAY SHAW HOUSE - NEW ORLEANS - DAY (1967)

JIM, IVON, NUMA, SEVERAL POLICEMEN stand at the door as CLAY SHAW comes to it.

IVON

Mr. Shaw you're under arrest, charged with conspiracy and entering into an agreement with other persons for the specific purpose of committing the crime of murder of President John F. Kennedy in violation of... .

The voice dropping away as the devastated look on Shaw's face spreads, sickly, undone, his arrogant public composure gone, face now filled with terror, disbelief.

IVON

...warrant to search the premises...

The COPS taking SHAW while the D.A .STAFF moves into the carriage house past the unsurprised BUTLER, WILLIE JENKINS.

INT. SHAW HOUSE - DAY

In the BEDROOM, NUMA points out to JIM the hooks screwed into the ceiling. OSER pulling out five whips, several lengths of chain, black hood, matching black cape -- dried blood on one whip.

NUMA

I think we got the Marquis de Sade here chief.

JIM

Let's keep this side of it quiet, Numa, shall we, it's a little too, you know...it would look like we're taking unfair advantage...

NUMA (ironic)
You mean like they won't believe us Chief?

INT. NEW ORLEANS POLICE STATION (1967)

SHAW is being fingerprinted. He seems rattled. POLICE trying to get the PRESS under control.

OFFICER HABIGHORST
Name? First, middle, last.

SHAW
Clay Lavergne Shaw.

OFFICER HABIGHORST
Address?

SHAW
1313 Dauphine, New Orleans.

OFFICER
Ever use any aliases?

SHAW
Clay Bertrand.

Habighorst notes it as routinely as Shaw seems to have said it, without thinking, possibly preoccupied by thoughts of PRESS pushing in.

OFFICER
Next of kin?

PRESS
Mr. Shaw what do you have to say!

INT. SHAW HOUSE - DAY CON'T (1967)

IVON shows Jim Shaw's address book. BOXLEY looking on.

IVON
All aristocrats. Italy. London. Marquessa, Barons, Princess...

NUMA
How bout The Marquis de Sade, he in there?

Jim corrects him with a look.

IVON
...and this guy. Lee Odom. P.O. Box 19106 Dallas, Texas.

JIM
So?

IVON
(surprised Jim doesn't remember) Chief, P.O. Box 19106 appeared in Oswald's address book... (Jim's look)...and this...

Music creeping. INSERT: in Shaw's handwriting on an unused page are the words: "Oct" and "Nov", then an indecipherable scribble -- then simply: "Dallas"

LOU
...Gold

Jim's look. Lou shares it. Boxley seems agitated.

MONTAGE - NEWSREEL MUSIC

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY (1967)

The Justice Department.

INT. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (1967)

The acting ATTORNEY GENERAL speaks to the PRESS.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
...Yes, Mr. Shaw was included in our investigation and there was no connection found at all between Shaw and the President's assassination.

INT. GARRISON OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

JIM confronts a packed room.

JIM
I congratulate Mr. Shaw. Most defendants have to wait for trial before they're allowed to produce character witnesses -- and most witnesses don't have the Attorney General of the United States intervening on their behalf. Besides which, I have to wonder why, if the FBI had to investigate him, why his name is not mentioned even once in the entire 26 volumes of the Warren Report, even if it's to clear his name?

EXT. SUPREME COURT BUILDING - DAY (1967)

INT. SUPREME COURT BUILDING - DAY

A CHIEF JUSTICE, looking grey and wise like Earl Warren, moves along a corridor in civilian clothing, cool and casually delivering his verdict to the PRESS.

CHIEF JUSTICE
No, I don't think so. Mr. Garrison has presented absolutely nothing publicly to contradict our findings. As yet I have not heard one fact to refute the Commission determination that Lee Oswald was the lone killer...

INT. GARRISON OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY CONT. (1967)

In response to Justice Warren:

JIM
...this is very strange behavior. Clay Shaw's trial has not begun. The first juror has yet to be selected, yet here is the highest judge in our land already testifying as the first witness in our case. He's not testifying under oath, which gives him a unique freedom from the laws of perjury and he is plainly loading the dice in Shaw's favor. No witness is going to be eager, in front of the whole world, to make the Chief Justice appear to be a liar.

REPORTER (hostile)
Mr. Garrison if what you say is even partly true in this case, you realize you are damaging the credibility of our government, possibly destroying it?

JIM
...let me ask you... is that government worth preserving when it lies to the people. It has become a dangerous country sir when you can't trust anyone anymore, when you can't tell the truth. I say let justice be done, though the heavens fall.

It doesn't play with the Press. They shuffle off, silent, whispering.

MONTAGE. MUSIC ENDS.

INT. GARRISON HOME - NIGHT (1967)

After dinner, toys scattered around the living room. Phone ringing as VIRGINIA, 6, answers it, playing with her doll. In background SCOOTER is chasing ELIZABETH around.

VIRGINIA
Hello

MALE VOICE
Hello is this Jim Garrison's daughter?

VIRGINIA
Yes?

MALE VOICE
Virginia or Elizabeth?

VIRGINIA
Virginia.

MALE VOICE
Virginia, you're a lucky little girl. Your daddy has entered you in a beauty contest. Would you like to be in a beauty contest?

VIRGINIA
That sounds fun.

MALE VOICE
I need some information from you then. How old are you?

VIRGINIA
Six.

MALE VOICE
And how tall are you?

INTERCUT TO:

In the STUDY, JIM watches the NEWS in horror.

INSERT TV - images of MARTIN LUTHER KING on the ground, dead.

TV
The 39-year-old Martin Luther King who preached non-violence and won the Nobel Peace Prize was cut down by a sniper's bullets while standing on the porch of the Lorraine Motel in Memphis, Tennessee today. He was surrounded by his closest aides. The police say they have no suspects at this time. Mr. King --

Jim visibly shaken.

INTERCUT TO:

MALE VOICE
And you get off from school at 3 every day?

VIRGINIA
Yes.

MALE VOICE
Do you walk home?

VIRGINIA
Uh huh.

LIZ comes to the phone, a look on her face.

LIZ (taking the phone)
Who you talking to?

MALE VOICE
Okay Virginia, that's all I need to know. I'll call you again when it's time for the beauty contest.

LIZ
Who's this?...Hello?...Hello?

Pause. The man at the other end listening to Liz...He hangs up. Liz turns to Virginia.

VIRGINIA (excited)
Mama I'm going to be in a beauty contest! Daddy..

LIZ
What did he ask you!

VIRGINIA
Well, he asked me everything. He asked me...

Liz freaking.

INTERCUT TO:

LIZ marches into Jim's study

LIZ
Did you enter Virginia into a beauty contest?

JIM (absorbed in the TV)
What?

LIZ (hysterical)
A man just called. He asked her everything! Her height, her weight, when she came home from school.

JIM
Honey, some crackpot! Martin Luther King was just killed in Memphis!

LIZ (screaming)
I don't give a damn about Martin Luther King! Your daughter's life was just threatened!

JIM
Just a crank making phone calls. Happens a dozen times a day at the office.

LIZ
Our home Jim! A kidnapper, a murderer!

JIM (consoling)
Only cowards make crank calls, egghead, nothing is going to happen (puts his arms around her).

LIZ (beats on him)
How do you know? How do you know!

JIM
Get a hold of yourself.

LIZ
I'm leaving. I'm taking the kids and I'm leaving! I can't stand it anymore...

The KIDS, hearing the shouting, are watching from the door of the study.

JIM
Egghead, come on. The government wants you to be scared. They want everybody to be scared to speak out. They count on it. But there's nothing to be scared of.

LIZ
You and your government. That's all you talk about. Don't you have any feelings! What kind of a man are you! They just threatened your daughter!

Jim sees the kids looking, goes, shoos them out, closes the door.

JIM
I'll take them up to my mother's if it'll make you feel better. Spend a week. I'll change all the locks, the phone lines, I'll even get a bodyguard, all right Egghead?

LIZ
Jim, before this Kennedy thing, nothing mattered to you in this life more than your children. (stops, sobs) The other night Jasper tried to show a drawing. You didn't even notice he was there. He came to me bawling his little eyes out. Jim, he's sensitive, he needs more from you.

JIM
I promise I'll make more time for Jasper.

LIZ
No you won't, you'll go right on with this madness of yours.

JIM
Damn it, if I say I'll spend more time with him, I'll spend more time with them. I can't fight you and the world too, Liz...

LIZ
I'm not fighting you Jim, I'm just trying to reach you. You've gotten colder and colder since this Kennedy thing. You've changed, Jim, you've changed and I don't like it, I don't want it this way.

JIM (exploding now)
Of course I've changed! My eyes have opened, and once they're open believe me what used to look normal seems insane! Everything's changed since they killed Jack Kennedy. And now King, don't you think this has something to do with that. Can't you see?

LIZ (furious)
I DON'T WANT TO SEE, GODDAMMIT!! I'M TIRED. I'VE HAD ENOUGH! ENOUGH!! I JUST WANT TO RAISE OUR CHILDREN AND LIVE A NORMAL LIFE!

The CHILDREN pressing back in at the door, unstoppable.

JIM
THAT'S ALL THIS IS ABOUT, ISN'T IT. YOURSELF. NOTHING TO DO WITH ANYTHING ELSE. "I'M TIRED". "PITY ME". YOU MAKE ME SICK, THE TYPICAL AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE WITH HER HEAD BURIED IN THE SAND, KNEES QUAKING WITH FEAR, GIVE ME MY CAR, MY TV AND MY KITCHEN AND I'M FINE. MEANWHILE OUR KIDS WILL GROW UP INTO A SHITHOLE OF LIES. WELL I'M NOT FINE, I'M ANGRY AND I WANT TO DO...

LIZ
YOU NEVER TALKED TO ME LIKE THAT. NEVER . NEVER. YOU'VE GONE CRAZY JIM – I'M LEAVING YOU JIM GARRISON. I'M LEAVING YOU.

LIZ
YOU NEVER TALKED TO ME LIKE THAT. NEVER . NEVER. YOU'VE GONE CRAZY JIM -- I'M LEAVING YOU JIM GARRISON. I'M LEAVING YOU.

She runs out by the stunned KIDS, sobbing up the stairs, JIM pursuing her like the angry spirit of Banquo, yelling at her up the stairs.

JIM
GO ON GET OUT. GO HIDE YOURSELF. JOIN THE REST OF 'EM. THEY'LL TELL YOU I'M CRAZY. YOU GOT PLENTY OF PEOPLE'LL TELL YOU JIM GARRISON IS CRAZY. YOU WON'T HAVE ANY PROBLEM FILING DIVORCE PAPERS. TAKE IT ALL. GO ON -- GET OUTTA MY LIFE.

Quaking with rage, sad inside, hurting, he stands there at the bottom of the stairs as his KIDS watch him, fearful.

INT. GARRISON OFFICE - DAY - (WEEK LATER) - 1967

Another smoke-filled conference of assistants. The paperwork is stacked in the corners almost to the ceiling, the disorganization and lack of resources apparent, coffee cups, uneaten doughnuts, the STAFF working on this now numbers some ELEVEN PEOPLE, new investigators, new assistants.

OSER
Bad news -- the US Attorney in Washington "declines" to serve our subpoena on Allen Dulles, Richard Helms, or any FBI agent we named. Same for Charles and Earl Cabell in Dallas.

Jim expresses disgust.

JIM
What else?

OSER
We got the same problem Chief with the states. All of them. Reagan in California won't give us Kerry Thornley, Ohio refuses on Gordon Novell, Texas on Arcacha, and Nebraska on Sandra Moffet ...

JIM (throws up his hands)
Never before has an extradition request from this office been refused, what the hell is going on!

NUMA is opening another stack of letters, the dollar bills keep coming.

NUMA
The good news is the IRS has just requested an audit of your income from this office.

JIM
That figures -- and they're going to find jackshit. Lou? Dallas?

IVON
Well, good and bad. There is no Box 19106 in Dallas. It's a code word. But there is a "Lee Odom" so called, the FBI's produced him. He says he

IVON (CONT)
was working with Shaw on a "bullfighting" promotion. He feels like a front. FBI is really stiffing us, Chief, but what's interesting -- you ready for this -- Oswald went to see the FBI two weeks before the assassination.

FLASHBACK TO:
INT. FBI OFFICE - DALLAS - DAY (1963)

OSWALD 1 at the FBI counter addressing the FEMALE RECEPTIONIST.

OSWALD 1
I want to see Special Agent Hosty.

RECEPTIONIST
I'm sorry, he's not in. Can someone else help you?

OSWALD 1
Can I use a pen?
(writing a note)

Writing a note, which he folds and give the receptionist

IVON (OVER)
He wrote and left a note which the receptionist said threatened to blow up the office. But Hosty...

TIME CUT TO:

FBI AGENT JAMES HOSTY confronting his agitated superior, FBI AGENT SHANKLIN in one of the cubicles.

IVON (OVER)
told a Dallas newspaperman the note was a warning to him to stop questioning Marina at their home when Oswald was not present. But what the note really said no one knows because his boss Shanklin told Hosty...

SHANKLIN (reading the note)
Oswald's dead now. There can be no trial. Get rid of it. I don't even want this in the office. Get rid of it Hosty. (gives it back to Hosty)

IVON (OVER)
Hosty tore it up and flushed it down the toilet.

JIM (in present, again amazed)
It makes sense. If he was an informant when I was in the FBI, they'd often leave messages at the desk. Maybe they were threatening Marina with deportation – keeping some kind of leverage over him.

IVON (pulls out a second document)
Wagonner Carr, the Attorney General of Texas, says he has evidence from the Dallas Sheriff's office that Oswald has been employed as an undercover informant at a salary of $200 a month, beginning more than a year before the murder (shows Jim the document)

JIM
Dynamite Lou.

IVON
Makes sense. Remember the New Orleans meeting with Agent Quigley the day he got busted?

FLASHBACK – OSWALD under arrest, meeting with QUIGLEY

IVON (OVER)
...and there again Quigley destroyed the notes of the meeting. The FBI has denied it -- (passes Jim a sheat of the FBI paperwork)...but I think we can raise the possibility that Oswald not only was an informant but that he may well have been the man who originated this telex we have dated November 17 warning of the Kennedy assassination in Dallas on November 22.

Holds up the Telex. INSERT pieces of it. "URGENT TO ALL SACS FROM DIRECTOR"

IVON
Listen to this. "Threat to assassinate President Kennedy in Dallas, Texas November 22 - 23. Information has been received by the Bureau has determined that a militant revolutionary group may attempt to assassinate President Kennedy on his proposed trip to Dallas, Texas, etc. etcetera..." A copy of this was given to me by the night clerk William Walter on duty here in the FBI office. It went all over the country and it was not even mentioned in the Warren Report! The FBI says only this is an "unfounded" claim.

FLASHBACK TO:
INT. FBI OFFICE - NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT (1963)

WALTER, the night clerk, receiving the teletype -- reading it, running it.

IVON (OVER)
...shortly after the assassination Walter says this was removed from the files, deemed as an embarrassment to the Bureau. I checked with a couple other cities. The telex is not there.

INT. WESTERN UNION -- DALLAS - NIGHT

OSWALD at the counter filling out a telegram.

IVON (OVER)
We got C.A. Hamblen, the night manager at Western Union, telling us Oswald sent a telegram - to Washington D.C. -- some ten days before the assassination. Five days before the assassination, the telex appears. Or maybe he was - sending information through Hosty... I don't know how he did it -- but I got a hunch that ... from the get go Oswald...

INT. DALLAS APARTMENT - DAY (1963)

OSWALD, RUBY, SEVERAL CUBANS including the BULL and the INDIAN are talking.

JIM
(in present, excited, finishing the thought) ...the whole time Oswald thought he was tracking the murderers, of course, that's why he was at the book depository, that's why he was working with De Mohrenschildt. That's what he meant when he said, "I'm a patsy." He went there that day to the Depository to prevent the assassination. He admired Kennedy. They probably encouraged him, told him he was doing a great job and they were going to close down the plotters very soon...told him to go to the Texas Theatre afterwards, his rendezvous where they set him up. Do I sound crazy?

The looks of his team.

SUSIE (excited)
... it fits in with an informant role -- he was spotted with Ruby several times. Remember what Beverly Oliver said.

INT. RUBY'S CAROUSEL CLUB - NIGHT (1963)

RUBY, OSWALD, AND DAVE FERRIE at the club -- STRIPPERS working the stage. A popular place, filled with smoke, BUSINESSMEN, loud talk.

BEVERLY OLIVER (OVER)
...there was this girl who danced there by the name of Jada, and she was sitting at a table with Jack Ruby and another man. When I sat down, Ruby introduced me to this man. He said "Beverly this is my friend Lee"...When I saw him two weeks later on the television, I remembered him. Jack Ruby and Lee Harvey Oswald were linked together but I don't know how. But I know Lee Oswald was the man I met in the club two weeks before the assassination.

INT. BEVERLY OLIVER APARTMENT - DALLAS - NIGHT (earlier 1967)

As Beverly finishes talking to LOU and SUSIE

SUSIE (OVER)
We can go for it at the trial, chief. Bring in all the strippers, link Oswald and Ruby and Ferrie. We got seven people spotted them together. The emcee Lou saw -- what's his name -- Wally Weston -- we could get him on the stand.

INT. WESTON APARTMENT - LIMBO - NIGHT - (1967)

WESTON, a meek, shaken man, the former Emcee, talks to Lou.

WESTON
...it was about five days before the assassination. There were about six to eight guys from Chicago who came into the club -- friends of Jack.

INT. CARROUSEL CLUB - NIGHT - (1963)

WESTON telling lame jokes on the stage. The GUYS look like thugs sitting at a front row table, laughing.

WESTON
I noticed them around 1:30 in the morning cause I was telling my jokes and they were talking loud.

WESTON
Hey you guys cool it.

GANGSTER 1 (to Jack)
Who is this son of a bitch?

Drunk, he pulls a gun from his waistbank and points it at Weston.

WESTON (OVER)
It looked like a cannon pointed in my direction. At this precise time, two uniformed policemen came in the front door -- cops were always stopping by. Jack gave em discounted drinks, loved cops Jack did.

The TWO COPS strolling in (one of them is J.D. TIPPET, seen later).

WESTON (on stage)
The police are here.

The gun hits the floor immediately and is kicked over to the side. JACK RUBY up on his feet, explaining to the policemen everything is fine.

TIME CUT TO:

WESTON (OVER)
Later I came back cause I forgot my jacket but the door was closed. One of the guys wouldn't let me in. They were meeting.

GANGSTER 3
You can't come in now.

Closing the door in Weston's face.

WESTON (OVER)
Next day I was talking to one of the guys in the club you know, a guy who knows everybody, his name's Paul Buccilli, you should find him, he says real casual --

TIME CUT TO:

INT. CAROUSEL CLUB - NIGHT (1968)

Same interior. The next night. PAUL BUCCILLI, a mobster, is talking to WESTON.

BUCCILLI
Yeah, they're Jack's friends from Chicago. Guy named Sam Giancana, John Roselli, an FBI guy, another guy named Lee Oswald. They're talking about wacking out Kennedy (chuckles). Yeah, Sam told me he got up and walked out right in the middle, he wanted nothing to do with it.

INT. CAROUSEL CLUB - NIGHT (1963)

SAM GIANCANA talking to BUCCILLI

SAM GIANCANA
Fuck, I put that prick in the White House. I don't want nuthin to do with it, I says to em. I got too much history with old man Joe, besides which (chuckles) I'm fucking the same chicks as his son. So the punk fucked us over, so Santos and Carlos and Jimmy want him wacked,Carlos says "take the stone out of my shoe", I still ain't doin it. I'm out, I tell em. And I told em it's gonna get us all killed 'fore it's over.

SUSIE (excited, in the present)
It fits in with what Ester Ann Mash told me -- she was serving Ruby drinks one night in the spring of '63.

FLASHBACK TO:
INT. ESTER MASH APARTMENT - DALLAS - NIGHT - (1963)

ESTER ANN MASH talks to IVON.

FLASHING BACK TO:
INT. CAROUSEL CLUB - PRIVATE ROOM - DALLAS - NIGHT (1963)

Another night.
Six to eight GANGSTERS around a table. Ester serves them drinks.

ESTER ANN MASH (OVER)
I had to follow Jack's orders to the letter for that meeting. He demanded absolute privacy and no interruptions. I was the only person allowed to enter that room and that was just to serve drinks and then get out. There was about five dark, swarthy men in suits, looking very businesslike. There was another man, dressed real casual he didn't look like he fit in at all. They talked till about one in the morning. Then the other guy stayed until closing watching the strippers.

INT. MAIN ROOM - CAROUSEL CLUB - THAT NIGHT

OSWALD alone drinking beer, watching the STRIPPERS. Camera closing on him, sinister.

ESTER (OVER)
He couldn't take his eyes off them. He kept ordering beer. Everyone else drank mixed drinks but this wimpy-looking little guy. I might not remember a name, but I always remember a face, but when I saw him on TV, my children were watching when Jack shot him and I screamed, "Oh my God, that's the weird little man who was at that meeting with Jack and those Mafia types. "I saw that grin on Oswald's face, cause Jack was his friend...

FLASHBACKS – the shooting, slowed down – Oswald looking momentarily at Ruby before he is shot.

ESTER (OVER)
I knew it had something to do with the Mafia cause everybody in town in those days knew Ruby had something to do with the mob. Although, I didn't overhear what they were talking about, I'm convinced they were discussing killing Kennedy.

OSWALD, drinking his beer, suddenly stands and walks over to the stage where WESTON is telling his jokes. Oswald is drunk.

OSWALD
I think you're a Communist.

WESTON
Sir, I'm an American. Why don't you sit down.

OSWALD
Well, I still think you're a Communist.

WESTON jumps off the stage and starts hitting OSWALD. RUBY reappears and separates them immediately.

WESTON VOICE (picks up the story)
...so I jumped off the stage and hit him. Jack was right behind him and he landed in Jack's arms and Jack grabbed him and said -

RUBY (angry at Oswald)
You sonufabitch, I told you never to come in here.

WESTON VOICE
...and he wrestled him to the door and threw him down the stairs.

Ruby wrestling Oswald from the club.

INT. GARRISON OFFICE - DAY CONT - (1967)

The story finished, the faces of the TEAM around the table.

BOXLEY
We still can't tie it to Shaw. It makes more sense as a Mafia hit. But Oswald with the FBI, that's pushing it. And for the life of me I still can't buy Oswald as an FBI agent.

OSER
Not an agent, an informant Bill. He coulda been feeding ONI too, two, three organizations.

BOXLEY
Oswald was a fuckup from day one, nobody would've trusted him with their dick, and how can a teletype disappear from every single FBI agent in the country, you're talking the whole FBI here. That's some conspiracy...

SUSIE
...or a cover up on their part if not a conspiracy.

JIM looking at BOXLEY. Suddenly an eerie memory comes to them.

FLASHBACK – Denver oilman JOHN MILLER is making his bribe pitch to JIM to join the Agency's program, offering him the judgeship. The look on Bill's face is such that one could believe he wants Jim to take it.

BOXLEY

...you know how difficult it is to keep a secret among a dozen people in this room, how the hell you gonna keep a secret between the MOB, the CIA, the FBI, and Army Intelligence. Come on! David Ferrie was a fruit and a basketcase and he's dead on top of it and maybe Clay Shaw is a contact agent kinda businessman but a covert operator, come on, he's too open to blackmail as a fag. Now the Mafia thing I could buy a hell of a lot of easier than the CIA. Ruby maybe knows Oswald, sets him up. Hoffa -- Trafficante -- Marcello, they hire some guns and they do Kennedy and maybe the Government don't want to make a stink so they close this thing down, but the whole US Government?

JIM

Could the Mob change the parade route Bill, or eliminate the protection for the President? Could the Mob get the FBI, the CIA, and the Dallas Police to make a mess of the investigation? Can the Mob appoint the Warren Commission to cover it up? Can the Mob wreck the autopsy? Can the Mob influence the national media to go to sleep? And since when has the Mob used anything but .38s for hits, up close. The Mob wouldn't have the guts for something of this magnitude, assassins need payrolls, orders, times, schedules, this was a military-style ambush from start to finish...a coup d'etat with Lyndon waiting in the wings.

BOXLEY

Now you're saying Lyndon Johnson was involved Chief? The President of the United States?

The voice challenging. Pause. The men waiting, looks.

JIM

If I'm so far from the truth, why is the FBI bugging our offices, tapping our phones? Why are our witnesses being bought off, why are Federal agencies blocking our extraditions and subpoenas? If I'm so far off, why are they so afraid of what I'm saying? (pause) Y'ever read your Shakespeare Bill?

BOXLEY

Yeah.

JIM

Julius Caesar. "Brutus and Cassius, they too are honorable men"

BOXLEY (gets up, leaves)

This is Louisiana chief. How do you know who your daddy is? Cause your mama told you so...You're losing your marbles chief, you're way out there and I for one ain't going along on this one. (exits)

A look. Jim is saddened, sighs. One of his best men.

JIM

We need him back

OSER

Chief, I gotta tell you I'm beginning to have my doubts about Bill's effectiveness in this investigation. He's fighting everything. He spent a week trying to prove Eugene Brading and Jack Ruby of the mob are linked up with Hunt Oil...

JIM (stands)
I don't want to hear anymore Al. I value Bill as much as any man here. Give him his head, he's stubborn but he may have something. And who knows? Maybe he's right. Maybe we make about as much sense as a pig with a wristwatch. Maybe Oswald is what everyone says he was and we're just plain dumb wrong. (walks out)

INT. GARRISON'S MOTHER'S HOME -- LAUREL MISSISSIPPI - DAY - FEW DAYS LATER

The TV SET announces THE NBC LOGO with the famous music followed by "NBC'S WHITE PAPER -- THE J.F.K. CONSPIRACY: THE CASE OF JIM GARRISON -- the face of FRANK MCGEE comes up.

Watching it, excited, is JIM and his MOTHER, JANE, in her seventies, grey headed, iron woman with the air of an aristocrat, dresses very properly in a Victorian-type dress with latches and buckles and beautiful old jewelry. The house is Victorian-style also, spacious, wooden, screened-in porches, big lawn, flowers. All the KIDS are there half-watching but obviously no Elizabeth.

JANE(excited)
Oh my goodness Jim, it's all about you.

Jim more skeptical, the KIDS making a lot of noise.

JASPER
Shut up I want to hear.

MCGEE (on TV)
After several weeks of investigation in New Orleans, a team of NBC reporters have learned that District Attorney Jim Garrison and his staff have intimidated, bribed, and even drugged witnesses in their attempt to prove a conspiracy in the murder of John F. Kennedy against New Orleans businessman Clay Shaw...

Jane's face -- going along with it, surprised, as anyone who watches TV knows. You take it in at *first, you tend to believe. We show this process now.*

TIME CUT TO:

JOHN CHANCLER, black jailbird with glasses, is speaking on camera.

MCGEE (OVER)
John Chancler was a cellmate of Vernon Bundy's at the Louisiana State Penitentiary at Angola.

CHANCLER (on TV)
...he told me he was gonna get cut loose if he copped to the DA's office he knew this cat Shaw.

JIM (shakes his head, sickened, yet ironic)
That's John the Baptist. I sent him up for burglary. And there's his buddy Miguel Torres! We sent him up too. There's no love lost there.

MIGUEL TORRES now on screen.

TORRES (on TV)
They tried to get me to say Clay Shaw, you know, tried to come on to me in the street, you know -- for sex. He wanted me to say Shaw was Bertrand...They said they'd get me a pardon.

Jim laughs out loud, but his MOM is horrified -- as are the KIDS who are older, the others bored play.

JIM
It's gonna be bad Ma. I'm going to get mauled.

JANE
I'm so...(throws her shoe at the TV, the kids delighted).

JANET OSMOND is on the TV.

MCGEE (on TV VOICE OVER)
Janet Osmond who knew Oswald well comments on Willie O'Keefe's descriptions of having met Oswald.

OSMOND
...I didn't remember Lee ever having a beard or being messy, he was very neat and ... being homosexual? (her face creases into a dismissive smile) that's not the Lee I knew, absolutely not. Marina would know, and...no, no. I don't believe Willie O'Keefe ever met Lee Oswald.

JIM
... I'm pretty sure she's CIA, one of the people who handled Oswald in Dallas.

MOM
They never even had the common decency to contact you and let you answer these accusations? (Jim shakes his head) What ever happened to fairness in this country?

JIM
Ma, I think the better question is "who owns NBC"? RCA -- one of the biggest defense contractors that's who.

On TV the cherubic DEAN ANDREWS now appears as the nightmare continues. Jim smiles, hurt.

DEAN ANDREWS
No, I never met anybody named Clay Bertrand. I didn't talk to nobody after the assassination. I was on drugs at the hospital. Like I told the FBI, that call was a figment of my imagination. The cat's stewing me, the oyster's shucking me....

JIM (ironic)
I wouldn't worry about it ma, there's only about 20 or 30 million people watching this. I guess my reputation's okay with the people watching Laugh In.

MCGEE (on TV)
NBC has recently learned of a man named Clem Bertrand, the <u>real</u> Clem Bertrand but is not free at this time to reveal it...The result of Mr. Garrison's public investigation has been to destroy reputations, spread fear and suspicion and worst of all to exploit the nation's sorrow and doubt over what happened in Dallas. Jim Garrison has said "let justice be done though the heavens fall". He seeks the truth. So do we.

End of show. Jim snapping up to his feet, inwardly devastated, outwardly silent.

JIM
Okay, enough TV, make anybody go blind, deaf and dumb. How 'bout some air?

His mother reads the hurt in his face.

EXT. MISSISSIPPI HOUSE - LATE DAY

As the sun sets on the late summer day, JIM and his MOTHER, JANE, walk along the azaleas and cotton trees blooming beautifully along the riverbank where the catfish and bugs stir.

JANE
I'm hopping mad, getting that collection of riffraff to say all those dreadful things about you. Your great-great-great grandfather McFerrin came over here from County Monahan in 1769 and fought with General Washington himself. You're more American than any of those hoodlums and hooligans. I'm going to get the Laurel Chapter of the D.A.R. to write a letter to NBC and you ought to get the Sons to do the same.

JIM
They dropped me ma -- when the bad publicity began.

JANE
Oh no

JIM
I couldn't care less. Stuffed shirts. There's a lot you don't know ma. The National Guard has asked for my resignation. After eighteen years.

JANE
No. I can't believe it.

JIM
The General said I was a disgrace to the uniform. A Lieutenant Colonel, second in command for the region.

We see another side of Jim now -- with his mother, intimate, wounded, hurting, needing help.

JANE
I'm appalled child. You have to find a way around them, talk to people directly.

JIM (bitterly)
Gee Ma, that's wonderful suggestion. The Society of ex-FBI agents dumped me too. And the editorials in the Time-Picayune never stop. You should see my stacks of hate mail calling me a traitor. Aside from that, Liz is threatening to leave with the children. so there it is --

JANE
You sound like you're doubting yourself Jim.

JIM
No. No doubts, just learning a few unpleasant lessons about the way things are.

JANE

I've had more of those lessons than I ever cared to when I was your age. I was facing the Great Depression, raising you and your sister by myself. Your father had begun his world tour sampling the liquor of various countries and when he took off, he...

JIM (adamant, cold)

I told you I won't stand for you badmouthing him. I mean it Ma.

JANE

I know, I know...so there we were stuck up in Evansville and the winters were mean cold, and some nights concrete was the only bed we had, and you kids had so many holes in your shoes I had to line them with cardboard. You remember that? (Jim nods) We came down to New Orleans without a cent, no place to live, no job. But even in those darkest of days I'd always say, 'no matter what I'm going to get this family housed and clothed and fed. Some way, somehow I'm going to get it done.' That's the Garrison spirit. We're fighters from way back Jim, and you must always remember, you're one of us.

JIM (long pause)

I love Liz...I'd hate to lose her over this, but...I can't live with myself if I don't...go to the end on this. I'm not going to let the Government run over me, Ma. I swear I'd die first...

Puts his head on her breast.

JANE

They won't beat you child. One thing I'm sure of – Americans know the difference between right and wrong. If you go to them and tell them the truth, they'll support you. And so will Liz. Because fundamentally she's a good woman and she loves you.

He looks in her strong eyes and face. Wants to believe

JANE

Come on, the children are starving, let's go in and have some dinner..

INT. DALLAS AIRPORT - DAY (FEW WEEKS LATER) (1968)

JIM is just checking in his bag, on a flight from Dallas to LA when BOXLEY runs over, excited.

JIM

Bill? What are you doing in Dallas?

BOXLEY

Am I glad to see you boss (pulls Jim aside). Just after you left the office, I got word that...there's going to be an attempt to kill you somewhere between here and Los Angeles. One of my French Quarter contacts swears by it. A mob guy named Ed Whalen was brought down from Canada by Shaw...he's got a contract on you. This is serious boss. I jumped on the first flight. You need a bodyguard. (indicating a a .45 in his waistband)

JIM (controlling fury)
Bill, when you were in the Army, did you have a chance to find out what an order meant? (Bill nods) Do you happen to remember my ordering everyone on the staff not to participate in passing on these endless rumors about how somebody is going to be killed?

BOXLEY
Yes but boss, this is...

JIM (raising his voice)
There is no "but" in a military situation. Boxley I don't appreciate your dumping this paranoid garbage on me. And I don't appreciate your inability to follow a simple order especially when it means I am personally going to end up paying for your flight back to New Orleans. Now let's get you a ticket!

Boxley's face -- realizing Jim is livid, white.

INT. AIRPORT COUNTER - LATER

JIM, having just bought the ticket, slaps it in Boxley's hand and marches away over his protests.

BOXLEY
Boss, I'm sorry . I'm just...looking out for you.

It falls weakly as Jim stalks away. On Boxley, the camera dwells, sensing now another agenda on his mind.

His POV of JIM disappearing into the CROWDS.

BOXLEY follows him – signals ANOTHER MAN and goes over to him. They talk. The man in a civilian suit with an earpiece. They follow Jim at a distance.

INT. AIRPORT - LATER

JIM at the newsstand, looking at his wristwatch, looking at the board (still some time left), buys a LIFE MAGAZINE issue.

INT. AIRPORT TOILET - DAY

JIM on the john reading "Life", hears a click as SOMEONE enters the booth right next to his. The shoes of the man.

Jim goes on reading, then stops, sensing something suspicious. Low VOICES, whispering at the door of the men's room.

Jim moves fast, putting the magazine away, buttoning himself.

His toilet flushing, he is out of the stall, moving briskly. The CIVILIAN AGENT who we saw with BOXLEY is lurking outside the booth next to Jim. He sweeps by him, the man obviously not expecting Jim to come out at this moment.

Nor do the TWO UNIFORMED AIRPORT COPS, both fat, stuck together momentarily in the EXIT DOOR of the men's room. They were the ones whispering. Surprised by Jim, they exit, followed quickly by Jim.

The semi-naked MAN in the next booth emerges, puzzled, intersecting the CIVILIAN AGENT. They both are caught by surprise.

INT. AIRPORT -- SIMULTANEOUS

JIM sweeps out of the MEN'S ROOM, encountering a ring of SIX more AIRPORT POLICE gathered around the entrance. They all seem caught unaware as the SERGEANT challenges Jim as best he can.

SERGEANT
Hey mister! How long were you in that men's room.

TWO WOMEN working the RENT-A -CAR BOOTHS opposite the men's room recognize Jim.

Jim keeps going like a tank, striding right past the Sergeant without a moment's hesitation.

JIM
That's none of your goddamn business!

He walks past the OTHER POLICEMAN. The sergeant shakes his head -- and the policemen let him through -- on his way to the gate.

On Jim's face. A moment. Realizing how lucky he has been. Moments.

FLASHBACK, in his mind, brief -- to BOXLEY coming up to him earlier, excited with his news...

The real BOXLEY watches him from across the terminal, nervous.

INT. JIMMY JOHNSON SHOW - NIGHT

A mild, friendly midwestern type HOST and his FAT SIDEKICK as the BAND strikes up "When The Saints Go Marching In" introducing JIM who strides in from the wings.

SIDEKICK
And now, Jimmy, here's Big Jim Garrison, District Attorney of New Orleans, Louisiana.

The AUDIENCE is enthusiastic. A big standing ovation. Jim smiling and waves, then sits down next to JOHNSON who adopts a dead serious manner over his usual smiley-joked nature.

JOHNSON
Welcome District Attorney Garrison. May I call you Jim?

JIM
I've been called everything under the sun, Jimmy. Call me whatever you like.

JOHNSON
Okay Jim. So you're investigating the murder of President Kennedy. We've been hearing a lot of strange things coming out of your office in New Orleans.

His voice turning progressively hostile as he reads from a script on the desk.

JOHNSON
First we had your charge that the Cuban exiles killed the President, then the Mob, then you said the oil billionaires did it, then you said the Minutemen and the Klu Klux Klan collaborated to do it, now your latest theory seems to be that the CIA and the FBI and the Pentagon and the White House all combined in some elaborate conspiracy to kill John Kennedy. Let me ask you, is there anyone besides Lee Harvey Oswald who you think did not conspire to kill the President?

He fixes his eyes on Jim, in dead earnest, waiting for a reply.

JIM (barely concealing laughter)
How many hours do I have to answer that one? Well let's just say this Jimmy – I've stopped beating my wife. (The AUDIENCE laughs). ...Or maybe you should ask Lyndon Johnson. We know he has some answers.

The AUDIENCE loves it, cheers. JOHNSON looks at Jim blankly, dumbfounded, looks down and reads the next question on his list without a hint of humor.

JOHNSON
There have been a number of reports in reputable news media -- Time, Newsweek, our own NBC -- that you have gone way beyond the legal means available to a prosecutor, that you've intimidated and drugged witnesses, bribed them, urged them to commit perjury. What is your response?

JIM
Your faith in the veracity of the major media is touching, Jimmy. It indicates that the Age of Innocence is not yet over. Ask yourself this, if we had learned on November 22, 1963 that the Premier of Russia had been shot from a Moscow office building by a lonely capitalist sympathizer and if that assassin himself were liquidated within 48 hours while surrounded by armed policemen by a patriotic Muscovite, I think it would be pretty apparent to any free-thinking person that a coup d'etat and a transfer of power had just been accomplished in the Soviet Union. We would not be wasting time attacking or even discussing Jim Garrison or his record, we would in a free-thinking society, be asking hard questions about why he was killed and what forces were opposed to him, we would...

JOHNSON
Do you really think you can equate the Soviet Union with the United States? They have a history of...

JIM
That's exactly my question, Jimmy, because...

JOHNSON
Why would our Government conceal evidence, why would they want to do this?...

JIM (pull out his briefcase)
Maybe I'd better show you some pictures so you can begin to understand what I am talking about.

As he pulls out a large blowup of the Allen PHOTO of the three hobos and starts to hold it up in front of the camera.

JIM
These photographs were taken minutes after the assassination and were never shown to the American public. They show...

It takes Johnson a few moments to realize what't happening. Then when he does, he lunges like a cobra for the photographs, pulling Jim's arm down violently so the pictures are out of the camera's view.

JOHNSON (sharply)
Pictures like this don't show up on television!

JIM (holding the picture up again)
Sure they do. The camera can pick this up.

JOHNSON (yanking his arm down harder)
No it can't

Jim swings the picture up a third time.

But the STAGE DIRECTOR gives a "cut" signal across his throat and the red light on the camera blinks off.

The monitor shows another camera panning the AUDIENCE.

JIM (quickly realizing)
Those men you just saw were arrested in Dallas minutes after the assassination. They were never seen again. No record of arrest, no fingerprint, no mugshot, nothing. They all got away.

The DIRECTOR frantically giving Johnson the "cut" sign.

JOHNSON (controlling fury)
We'll be back after these messages.

The AUDIENCE cheers as the COMMERCIAL comes on.

INT. GARRISON HOME - NIGHT - (1968)

The KIDS and LIZ play. She crosses to JIM who is slumped, defeated, in a chair half glancing at the TV.

TV NEWSMAN
Much is at stake here tonight in California as the polls are about to close. Public opinion polls show Senator Robert Kennedy of New York leading Sen. Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota, both strong anti-Vietnam War candidates. Their message is obviously striking a chord with the voters and whoever wins tonight will certainly emerge as the favorite over Vice President Humphrey to win the nomination in Chicago in August. That man now seems to be Senator Kennedy.

Shot of ROBERT KENNEDY in Los Angeles with his supporters.

LIZ
Sounds like he's winning.

JIM
He'll never make it. If he wins, they'll kill him.

LIZ, who seems to have achieved a wary truce with her husband, flinches.

LIZ
Jim, I thought we were not going to...

JIM
He hates the CIA and wants to avenge his brother. He'll stop that war. No, they'll kill him before they let him become President.

Jim looks and acts as if he's starting to become unhinged, obsessive.

LIZ (stiffness)
Jim don't start! You promised. I don't want to hear it in this house... (she walks out. Jasper comes over).

JASPER
Dad, play with me...

JIM
Not now Jasper...

NEWSMAN at the Coconut Grove. Switching the station to:

TV NEWSMAN (Dan Rather)
I'm here at the world famous Coconut Grove at the Ambassador Hotel where Senator Kennedy's supporters are watching the early returns.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT.

Crickets all across America. The purr of a suburb.

TV ANNOUNCER (OVER)
With the 53% of the precincts reporting, Sen. Kennedy continues to hold a lead of 48% to 41% over Senator McCarthy. CBS News has projected Senator Robert Kennedy the winner of the crucial California primary.

INT. HOUSE

JIM in the kitchen fixing himself a sandwich, returning to watch the TV.

ROBERT KENNEDY (on TV)
...and that what has been going on within the United States over the last three years – the division, the violence, the disenchantment, whether it's between blacks and whites, between poor and the more affluent, or between age groups or the war Vietnam – we can start to work together. We are a great country, an unselfish country and a compassionate country. I intend to make that my basis for running.

He waves, leaves the podium, going back through the kitchen of the hotel. Jim about to turn off the TV when the SHOTS rings out.

Pandemonium.

TV ANNOUNCER (shaken)
SENATOR KENNEDY HAS BEEN SHOT! WE DO NOT KNOW HOW SERIOUS IT IS YET. SENATOR KENNEDY HAS BEEN SHOT.

Confusion. Pandemonium. JIM, struck down with his foreknowledge and corresponding impotence, just sits in front of the TV shaking his head, astounded still by this news.

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

JIM gently wakes LIZ, holds her.

JIM
They killed him, honey.

LIZ (groggy, waking)
Huh?

JIM
Just like I said. He won...and they killed Robert Kennedy. They shot him down...

He starts to break -- voice first, getting caught in his throat, shaking with impotence, strangled...

LIZ (realizing, terror)
Oh no! No! I can't believe it. I can't believe it. Both of them, both brothers. Oh my God...

She takes his head on her shoulders. They cling to each other in an increasingly terrifying world.

INT. GARRISON OFFICE & CONFERENCE - DAY (1968)

AL OSER, concerned, moving into the CONFERENCE ROOM where a strategy session is in progress, more people than ever, some TWENTY ASSOCIATES now fill the smokey room, cluttered with paperwork.

SUSIE
...the Zapruder film we'll get I guarantee it. Life Magazine doesn't want to tangle on that but John Connally forget, no way he's coming to the trial, he...

As OSER crosses, whispers something important in JIM'S ear. Jim gets up, leaves the room.

JIM
Excuse me...

INT. GARRISON OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

IVON and OSER triangulate JIM at this desk. He waits.

OSER
Jim we have bad news. (Jim sucks in his breath) I'm afraid Bill Boxley has turned on us. He's working for the Federal Government.

JIM (that cold feeling)
Jesus no!

OSER
Lou and I were both thinking something like that since the NBC film knew all our witnesses, none of that was public. And all his talk about Mafia and oil, so we studied his memos...

JIM (getting angry)
...if this is all...

OSER
...and we called him to have a little talk.

JIM
...you're wasting my time.

OSER (cutting through)
Boss...he's gone.

INT. BOXLEY APARTMENT - THAT DAY (1968)

BOXLEY on the phone.

OSER (on the phone)
...some questions Lou and I been running over, maybe we could get together at Lou's about an hour.

OSER (OVER)
He knew right away. I could tell from him voice.

BOXLEY (nervous)
Okay Ose. Give it an hour and a half, I'll be there.

OSER (OVER)
He never showed.

JIM (in present, perplexed)
Call his apartment.

INT. BOXLEY APARTMENT - LATER THAT DAY (1968)

JIM, followed by OSER and LOU, walks into an apartment stripped of personal items. The LANDLADY accompanies.

LANDLADY
He sure left in a hurry. Gave me the furniture and the stereo. Nice man... Left me two months deposit.

IVON
Anybody with him when he left?

LANDLADY
A man in a car. Black car...

Jim totally devastated. The Landlady coming over, recognizing him.

LANDLADY
You're doing a good job Mr. Garrison, I voted for you and I'll do it again next time.

Jim can't deal with it just now. Ivon shows her out.

OSER
It means they have everything Jim. All our witnesses, our strategy for the trial. We'd have to doublecheck all his work, they could be false leads and...

JIM
Bill....I always liked Bill.

FLASHBACK -- BILL by Jim's side, his enthusiasm for the case early on.

JIM
He was a fighter. I guess he got scared

IVON
That kid's gonna have to run the rest of his life.

OSER
...we gonna have to delay the trial Jim, we don't have a choice.

JIM
I don't think so Al. (rises) You remember the Hemingway story "The Old Man and the Sea"? (Al nods) The old fisherman manages to catch this great fish, a fish so huge he has to tie it to the side of the boat to get it back in. But by the time he reached shore, the fish had long since been picked apart by sharks. Nothing was left but the skeleton. (walking out, accompanied)

IVON
Boss, what the hell we busting our chops for if you don't think we can win?

JIM
Lou, this war has two fronts -- in the court of law, we hope, against the odds, to nail Clay Shaw on conspiracy. In the court of public opinion, it could take another 25 or 30 years but at least we struck the first blow.

EXT. CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - NEW ORLEANS -- (JAN 1969)

A circus. Armed, uniformed GUARDS with walkie-talkies are everywhere. Guards with rifles on the rooftop. CROWDS of REPORTERS, worldwide, and ONLOOKERS. Everyone going into the courtroom is frisked by electronic metal detectors.

MARDI GRAS is taking place on nearby CANAL STREET. VENDORS are selling concessions -- balloons shaped like rabbits, food, t-shirts, masks, etc.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

JIM GARRISON with OSER, COX and IVON forging his way through a tightly packed CROWD to the prosecution table. The crowd is noisy to the point of unruliness. Suddenly a hush as:

Everyone cranes their necks to see CLAY SHAW and his ATTORNEYS, IRWIN DYMOND and TWO OTHERS enter the court. Shaw, impeccably dressed in a white linen suit, his high handsome cheekbones sucking on the ever-present cigarette in a porcelain filter, has a stoney indifference to all around him. He smiles to those who greet him as if he were not really there. In those days in New Orleans, it was allowed practice to smoke in court.

JIM notices now –

The faintest limp as Clay Shaw moves down the aisle into his seat, his eyes briefly passing Garrison.

The gavel starts pounding as the Court is "called to order" by the CLERK as:

JUDGE EDWARD ALOYSIUS HAGGERTY in a black robe, sweeps in and takes the bench. A stocky little Jimmy-Cagney lookalike with fierce blue eyes under bushy brows, addresses the court as:

The TEN WHITE MEN JURORS and TWO BLACK MEN, all dressed in suits and ties, look on.

JUDGE HAGGERTY (with gusto)
Contrary to all custom, this major trial had been unthinkingly scheduled in the middle of Mardi Gras. Now, I wouldn't want to miss this for the world and I'm sure you jurors feel the same way at being deprived of some fun so I've made arrangements for you to take recesses to watch the Rex Parade and the truck parade of the Elks Crew from the balcony of a residence on St. Charles. Now let's get this trial on the road.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. MARDI GRAS PARADE - (AS SEEN FROM INT. COURTROOM) DAY (1969)

The camera moving off the noise and gaiety of a the PARADE passing as festive MUSIC carries the MONTAGE of:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY '69

WILLIE O'KEEFE pointing to CLAY SHAW.

O'KEEFE
Yes sir, that's him.

TIME CUT TO:

IRWIN DYMOND cross-examining

DYMOND (words wafting)
...a confessed homosexual, convicted of solicitation, pandering...a man who had lied about...

TIME CUT TO:

RICHARD MATTHEWS, a CIA liason lawyer, making notes, confers with SHAW

TIME CUT TO:

VERNON BUNDY on the stand

BUNDY
...he had a limp...

SHAW walking for the court, the limp apparent.

DYMOND (cross-examining Bundy, occasional words)
...I have a report you were drugged and hypnotized by Garrison's staff...under psychiatric care for a year before...

EXT. MARDI GRAS PARADE - DAY

Masks...

INT COURTROOM - DAY CONT

DYMOND cross-examining DEAN ANDREWS, shaking his head. Festive MUSIC continues...

ANDREWS
...figment of my imagination...

COX (counter-arguing)
Objection your Honor. This office has won a conviction of perjury against Dean Andrews on this matter

DYMOND
That case is on appeal!

Arguments follow.

TIME CUT TO:

CHARLES SPIESEL, a mild looking New York accountant is on the stand, IRWIN DYMOND cross-examining.

DYMOND (relishing this)
Mr. Spiesel, you claim to have met David Ferrie and Clay Shaw while on a vacation here from your accounting business in New York, had drinks and, under the influence discussed killing Kennedy, is that not so?

SPIESEL
I did.

DYMOND (consults his paperwork)
Is it not also true that you fingerprinted your daughter when she left New York to go to Louisiana State University?

SPIESEL
Yes, I did....

JIM stunned, looks at COX and IVON, who are equally puzzled. A sinking feeling pervades them.

DYMOND
Is it not also true that you fingerprinted her when she returned at the end of the semester?

SPIESEL
I did.

DYMOND
Why?

SPIESEL
Well, I want to make sure she's the same girl I sent.

DYMOND
I see...and why are you experiencing this paranoia?

SPIESEL (launching into his explanation)
Well, you see, I've been subject to hypnosis and psychological warfare ever since 1948, when I was in Korea...

The faces in the COURTROOM...the JUDGE...obviously the man Spiesel is disturbed (or maybe he is telling the truth, but it doesn't play well)...JIM sickly looking at OSER.

OSER
He was one of Boxley's witnesses, chief. I'm sorry. He was totally sane when we talked.

NUMA
But how does Dymond know what to ask? He's been planted. FUCK! We're dead.

SPIESEL
...when someone tries to get your attention -- catch your eye -- that's a clue right off.

TIME CUT TO:

GARRISON
Your Honor, I call police officer Aloysius Habighorst to the stand.

HABIGHORST, the clean cut officer who booked Clay Shaw on his arrest day, starts forward.

JUDGE HAGGERTY
I'm going to have to ask the jury to leave the courtroom.

JIM
What!

An ugly surprise.

TIME CUT TO:

GARRISON at the bench arguing loudly with the JUDGE, COX, DYMOND and OSER there.

JUDGE HAGGERTY
I'm sorry Jim, but the defendent did not have his lawyer present when asked.

FLASHBACK TO:
INT. NEW ORLEANS POLICE STATION - DAY (1967)

Shaw being booked. The PRESS there. HABIGHORST questioning him. "Any aliases?" Shaw replying "Clay Bertrand"...INSERT -- HABIGHORST typing it in.

JIM (OVER)
Jesus Ed, from time immemorial it's been standard booking procedure to ask an alias. You know that. There's no constitutional requirement that says a lawyer has to be present for routine questions.

JUDGE
I call 'em as I see 'em Jim. I'm ruling it inadmissable.

JIM
That's our case!

JUDGE
If that's your case, you didn't have a case. I wouldn't believe whatever Habighorst said, anyway.

JIM
I can't believe you're saying this in the courtroom.

JUDGE (feistier)
Well, I am saying it. Bring in the jury.

OSER
We're filing for a writ from the appellate court.

JUDGE
You do that.

DYMOND going back to SHAW, very pleased. Shaw smokes, icy. Jim, devastated, feeling it's over, slumps down.

TIME CUT TO:

CLAY SHAW on the stand. DYMOND cross-examining him.

DYMOND
...Oswald?

SHAW
No, I did not?

DYMOND
...ever called Dean Andrews?

SHAW
No, I did not.

DYMOND
...did you ever use the alias Clay Bertrand?

SHAW
No, I did not.

DYMOND
...and have you ever met David Ferrie?

SHAW (cool as a cucumber, a smirk of amusement)
No, I would not even know what he looked like except for the pictures I've been shown.

DYMOND
Thank you...Mister Shaw.

JIM explodes out of his chair.

JIM
Let it be noted for the courtroom, whatever the outcome of this trial, my office is charging Clay Shaw with outright perjury on the fifteen answers he has given, not one word of truth having escaped his lips.

JUDGE
You're out of order counsel, now sit down. Strike those remarks...

TIME CUT TO:

A MOVIE SCREEN has been installed for the JURY to see. GARRISON dramatically paces. PRESS is packing the hot room, the overhead fan turning.

LIZ watches with JASPER, rooting for him now.

GARRISON
To prove there was a conspiracy in the first place, that there was more than one man involved, we must look at the Zapruder film. The American public has not seen that film because it has been kept locked in a vault in the Time-Life Building in New York City for the last six years. Let's roll the film.

The ZAPRUDER FILM (8mm) now rolls. We have seen pieces of it before in the opening of the film but now we see it whole. It is crucial this piece of film be repeated several times during the trial to drive home a point that is easily lost on casual viewing.

The first viewing is silent, the sound of the clanky PROJECTOR....about 25 seconds....

The LIGHTS come on. The JURY is shaken.

The JUDGE is shaken.

The COURTROOM murmurs.

Even CLAY SHAW is surprised at what he has seen.

JIM says nothing, letting the truth of it sink in. Then:

JIM
A pictures speaks a thousand words. Sometimes I wonder why the truth is so simple. Too simple for some.

DYMOND
Objection. Leading...

JUDGE
Sustained.

JIM
Zapruder was standing on the grassy knoll with an 8mm home movie camera. The film establishes a time frame of 5.6 seconds in which all the shooting took place...The Warren Commission says there were only 3 shots and they all came from Oswald's rifle in the southeast window of the sixth floor School Book Depository. Since the Government concluded that one bullet missed entirely and the third bullet hit the President in the head, shattering his skull, this leaves only the second bullet, the so called "magic" bullet, to account for the remaining seven wounds in Kennedy and Connally. This explanation fails of it's own weight. Watch.

TIME CUT TO:

JIM has moved OSER into a chair directly behind the larger IVON, as he demonstrates with a pointer.

JIM
...the magic bullet now enters the President's back, headed downward at an angle of 17 degrees. It then moved upward in order to leave Kennedy's body from the front of his neck -- his neck wound number two -- it continues into Connally's body at the rear of his right armpit -- wound number three. Connally has been sitting directly in front of Kennedy so the bullet somehow moved over to the right far enough to head leftward into Connally. Then, the bullet headed downward at an angle of 27 degrees, shattering Connally's fifth rib and leaving from the right side of his chest -- wound number four. The bullet continues downward and then enters Connally's right wrist -- wound number five -- shattering the radius bone.

FLASHBACK -- As ZAPRUDER slowed down...

JIM (OVER)
It then enters his left thigh -- wound number six-- from which it later fell out and was found in almost "pristine" condition on a stretcher in a corridor of Parkland Hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL - PARKLAND - DAY (1963)

The "magic bullet" found by a HOSPITAL NURSE on the empty, bloodied stretcher, JACK RUBY : around, moving away...

JIM (OVER)
We might note more lead and powder fragments of the bullet were found in Connally's wrist than were missing from this magic bullet. Also note Jack Ruby was spotted at Parkland by newsman Seth Kantor -- possibly it was he who put this bullet on the stretcher. This explanation which is central to the Warren Commission's scenario of a lone assassin defies the laws of both physics and common sense. And once you conclude the magic bullet could not create all seven of those wounds, you have to conclude there was a second rifleman. And if there was a second rifleman, there had to be a conspiracy. Let's look at the film again. And a possible explanation for the same events. I am speculating for you.

FILM rolls with frequent freeze frame and step printing. Deafening SHOTS ring out. Jim takes us through it, briskly.

JIM (OVER)
The first shot misses completely...(sound) hit James Tague in the cheek down at the overpass...The second shot takes the President from the front in the throat - he clutches his throat here...(freezing) A possible third shot hits him in the back...here. Connally you will notice shows no sign at all of being hit yet. This is one full second after Kennedy is hit, he is visibly holding his Stetson in his hand, which is impossible if his wrist has been shattered. He's turning here, now he's hit...here. The fourth shot. His hair shoots up, his mouth drops. He yells out "My God! They're going to kill us all!..." The car slows, brakes. The fifth and fatal shot shows the President jerking dramatically to his left and back -- which means he had to be hit from right and front (runs the film backward and forward again so that it is very clear)...a possible sixth or seventh shot takes Connally a second time here...Mrs. Kennedy, dazed, traumatic, trying to get help. Blood and brain tissue spatter the motorcycle patrolman riding to the rear and left of the car. A piece of his skull flies off and lands in the grass to the left rear of the limousine. Then it's over. The Secret Service to the last man, rather than checking the area, rides the limousine to the hospital like pallbearers.

Back to Jim.

JIM
FIFTY-TWO WITNESSES, gentlemen of the jury, heard shots coming from the Grassy Knoll which is to the right and front of the President...

FLASHBACK -
EXT. THE PICKET FENCE - DAY (1963)

Kennedy's POV of the FENCE. TWO SHOOTERS there, with two BACKUP MEN -- firing at him. A glimpse -- to be returned to. A sinister music grows, a sense of tremendous evil growing through this sequence.

RICHARD RANDOLPH CARR is on the stand, an older man in his 60s, now in a wheelchair.

JIM(OVER)
Richard Randolph Carr was a steelworker on the seventh floor of the new Dallas Courthouse on Commerce and Houston. Carr has served in combat with the Fifth Ranger Battalion in North Africa and at Anzio, an unusually good background to be a witness to gunfire.

JIM
Describe the gunfire Mr. Carr.

CARR
Well it was like a volley. But definitely I heard three shots coming from the Knoll, one right after another. Another shot came from somewhere else...I couldn't see the men behind the fence cause of the leaves on the trees but I did see one of the bullets ripping through the grass on the plaza. On the south side of the Knoll.

FLASHBACK -- BULLET through grass -- SPECIAL EFFECT

JIM
Did you talk to any FBI agents about this incident?

CARR
Yes I did.

JIM
And what did they say?

CARR (laconic)
I done as I was instructed. I shut my mouth.

JIM
Were you called to testify before the Warren Commission?

CARR
No sir.

JIM
Mr. Carr, how did you end up in a wheelchair?

DYMOND
Objection. This is wholly irrelevant.

TIME CUT TO:

WILLIAM NEWMAN on the stand, a young, clean cut family head. His WIFE and TWO CHILDREN watch.

JIM (OVER)
Willie Newman, a young design engineer, his wife and child, were only 10 to 15 feet from the limousine.

NEWMAN
Well, I observed his ear flying off and he turned just real white and then blood red and he went stiff like a board and fell over to his left in his wife's lap and I told my wife --

FLASHBACK TO:
EXT. DEALEY PLAZA - DAY (1963)

The NEWMANS on the north side of the KNOLL, hit the deck. SHOTS right above them.

NEWMAN
This is it, hit the ground!

NEWMAN (OVER)
Cause I thought the shots were coming over our heads

The camera describing his family's relationship to the FENCE behind him. The SHOTS ring out, blurry from there. Newman protecting his children under him.

JIM (OVER)
Were you called as a witness to the Warren Commission?

NEWMAN
No sir, I wasn't.

JIM (in present, courtroom)
Twenty-six trained medical personnel at Parkland Hospital saw with their own eyes the back of the President's head blasted out.

TIME CUT TO:

DR. PETERS on the stand.

PETERS (describing the wound)
...a large 7cm opening in the right occipetal parietal area, a considerable portion of the brain was missing there. (gestures to his head)

TIME CUT TO:

DR. MCCLELLAN on the stand.

MCCLELLAND
...almost a fifth or perhaps a quarter of the back of the head this area here (indicates his head) had been blasted out along with the brain tissue there.

FLASHBACK TO:
PARKLAND EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY (1963)

The DOCTORS working on the President.

JIM (OVER)
Not one of the civilian doctors who examined him at Parkland regarded his throat wound as anything but a wound of entry. The doctors found no wounds of entry in the back of the head. But then of course although Texas law requires an inquest and an autopsy, the body was illegally moved back to Washington for the autopsy.

SECRET SERVICE and MILITARY MEN yell and fight with DALLAS DOCTORS and SHERIFFS for possession of the body. They wheel it out, flying, pushing aside Dallas PERSONNEL.

JIM (OVER)
...because when a coup d'etat has occurred there's a big difference between an autopsy performed by civilian doctors and one by doctors working for the government. It is doubtful anybody was ever rolled out of Parkland any faster.

FLASHBACK TO:
EXT. LOVE FIELD - DAY (1963)

AIR FORCE ONE taking off...photo of LBJ sworn in.

JIM (OVER)
The departure of Air Force One from Love Field that Friday afternoon was not so much a takeoff as it was a getaway with the newly sworn in President...

DYMOND (OVER)
Objection your honor.

JUDGE
Sustained.

JIM (OVER)
On the plane incidentally, President Johnson being in such great turmoil over the possibility of a nuclear war with either Russia or Cuba over this incident, the "lone nut" solution to the crime was announced by the military Joint Chiefs to the passengers before of course any kind of investigation had started.

DYMOND (OVER)
Objection! Your Honor!

JUDGE
Sustained. Mr. Garrison, would you please...bottle the acid.

INT. BETHESDA AUTOPSY ROOM - THAT NIGHT

The room is crammed with MILITARY OFFICERS, SECRET SERVICE and at the center, THREE pretty intimidated DOCTORS. PICTURES are being taken.

JIM (OVER)
The three Bethesda Naval Hospital doctors "picked" by the Military men and the Secret Service left something to be desired inasmuch as none of them had experience with combat gunfire wounds. Through this autopsy we have been able to justify of course the magic bullet theory among other things and at the same time the concept that the neck wound is an exit wound, and to allay any further doubts we may have, the chief pathologist arranged for artists to draw impressions of different parts of the autopsy although 15-20 photographs and x-rays taken at the time were not shown to the American people, and if any further doubts exist, we have the chief pathologist, Commander James Humes, by his own admission burning all his autopsy notes. Why? This is the equivalent is it not of President Johnson ordering the blood-soaked limousine, filled with bullet holes and fragments of immeasurable value, to be rebuilt.

DR. FINCK is on the stand, erect, very precise.

FINCK
We didn't remove the organs of the neck.

JIM
Why not Doctor?

FINCK
For the reason that we were told to examine the head wounds and the --

JIM
Are you saying someone told you not to dissect the neck?

FINCK (rattled)
I was told that the family wanted examination of the head.

JIM
As a pathologist it was your obligation to explore all possible causes of death was it not?

FINCK (irritated)
I had the cause of death.

JIM
Your Honor, I would your Honor like to direct the witness to answer my question. Why did he not dissect the track of the bullet wound in the neck?

FINCK (answering now)
As I recall I was told not to, but I don't remember by whom.

JIM
Was Dr. Humes running the show?

FINCK
Well I heard Dr. Humes stating that -- he said, "Who's in charge here?" and I heard.

FLASHBACK

HUMES
Who's in charge here?

ARMY GENERAL
I am.

FINCK (OVER)
I don't remember his name. You must understand it was quite crowded and when you are called in circumstances like that to look at the wound of the President who is dead, you don't look around too much to ask people for their names and who they are.

JIM
But you were a qualified pathologist. Was this Army general a qualified pathologist?

FINCK
No.

JIM
But you took his orders. He was directing the autopsy.

FINCK
No, because there were others, there were admirals.

JIM
There were admirals.

FINCK
Oh yes, there were admiral and when you are a lieutenant colonel in the Army you just follow orders, and at the end of the autopsy we were specifically told -- as I recall it was Admiral Kinney, the surgeon of the Navy -- we were specifically told not to discuss the case.

FLASHBACK: KINNEY speaks. (Ad Lib)

Jim turns away, point is made to the Jury. Finck is gone.

JIM
It might be of further interest to the members of the Jury that when we obtained a court order allowing us to examine President Kennedy's brain at the National Archives, we thought, as it had been preserved in formalin, it might reveal from what direction, how many times and where bullets had struck in the head. Unfortunately it was explained to us that the President's brain had disappeared. (holds up a photograph for the Jury) Exhibit 43A. This is the finally released and official autopsy photo.

The camera moves in tighter and tighter

JIM
I submit that this is a fraud because it is inconceivable to me that everyone of the 21 witnesses who saw and described the wound in Dallas could be so wrong. They describe an evulsed exploded wound in the rear of the head. In the autopsy photo we see just a small neat wound to the head. It is not only evident these photos have been faked but what is implied here is not just a conspiracy to murder the President but absolute proof of a conspiracy to cover it up after the fact because the people who made these photos were the Government. Your Government.

Jim on a roll, knows it. The faces in the courtroom are with him, absorbed, horrified.

JIM
So what really happened that day? Let's just for a moment speculate, shall we –

DYMOND
Objection your Honor! Here he goes again. Can he not...

JUDGE
Overruled!

The Judge is hooked, leaning forward to listen to the tale as it might have unfolded.

JIM
We have the epileptic seizure around 12:15pm...

EXT. DEALEY PLAZA - THAT DAY (1963)

FLASHBACK – epileptic incident

JIM
...distracting the police, possibly making it easier for the shooters to move into place on the 6th floor.

EXT. BOOK DEPOSITORY DAY - (1963)

FLASH – SIXTH FLOOR SHOOTERS. One of them is the BULL with OTHER CUBANS.

JIM
...the County Records rooftop...perfect point of view down Elm. Noone spots these shooters.

EXT. COUNTY RECORDS BUILDING - DAY

FLASH - COUNTY RECORDS ROOFTOP SHOOTERS.. the POV down Elm. This for the sake of argument, is the "INDIAN" and MAN Z, who impersonated Oswald in Mexico.

JIM (OVER)
The picket fence behind the Grassy Knoll

EXT. PICKET FENCE

FLASH – GRASSY KNOLL SHOOTERS. One of them is dressed as a Dallas POLICEMAN.

JIM (OVER)
...the shooters first seen by Lee Bowers, now dead, in the Watch Tower of the Railyard. The perfect triangulation of fire is now in place. Kennedy's motorcade makes the turn from Main onto Houston.

FLASH – SLOW MO – the JFK wave and turn.

JIM (OVER)
...witnesses Caroline Walther, Arnold Rowland, Richard Carr, Ronald Fisher and Ruby Henderson and Norman Similas all see two gunmen on the 6th floor of the Depository, moving around. Some of them think they're policemen with rifles.

FLASH – Houston Street POV up at TWO Sixth Floor SHOOTERS moving around.

JIM (OVER)
...Kennedy makes the final turn from Houston onto Elm, slowing down to some 11mph.

All the SHOOTERS all across the three positions tightening, taking aim. A tense moment.

JIM (OVER, dramatic)
...all the shooters all across Dealey Plaza tighten, taking their aim across their top-grade telescopic sights. A triangle of fire. (the perfect ambush) They cannot miss. They've all performed foreign assassinations before. It's like going to a turkey shoot.

MONTAGE:

On KENNEDY waving. An Eisensteinian MONTAGE follows -- all the faces in the SQUARE that we've introduced in the movie now appear one after the other -- watching, the killers, the man with the umbrella, the Newman family, Mary Moorman photographing, Jean Hill, Abraham Zapruder filming it, Gordon Arnold filming it, Orville Nix, Beverly Oliver, etc...

INTERCUT with the ZAPRUDER & NIX films on JFK in the final seconds, coming abreast of the Stemmons Freeway sign.

JIM
The first shot rings out...

FLASH -- COUNTY CLERK ROOFTOP SHOOTER, the INDIAN, fires

FLASH -- HIS POV -- through the sight on the back of Kennedy's head.

JIM
...misses, sounds like a backfire...hits Jim Teague...look how far Teague is...highly unlikely you'd hit him from the Book Depository, more likely from the Dal Tex Building or the County Records Rooftop.

FLASH -- JIM TEAGUE at the UNDERPASS reacting as if a mosquito bit him.

Everything goes off fast now. REPEATING INTERCUTS slowed down with KENNEDY reacting, the Zapruder film and:

JIM
...then the second shot in the throat from the front...

FLASH -- "BADGEMAN" the Dallas Policeman hitting him from the fence, seen from JFK's POV... reverse POV -- JFK in the Badgeman's telescopic sight. JFK clutches his throat.

JIM
...third shot in the back...

FLASH -- SIXTH FLOOR SHOOTER, the BULL, ensconced in his boxes...His POV -- through the sight onto the back of Kennedy.

JIM
...fourth shot Connally is hit, yells out...

FLASH -- COUNTY RECORDS ROOFTOP, "INDIAN" firing...his POV on Kennedy, hitting Connally.

JIM
...the umbrella man keeps signalling, he's not dead. Keep shooting...

FLASH -- THE UMBRELLA MAN is pumping his umbrella.

JIM
...the fifth and fatal shot takes Kennedy in the head from the front...

FLASH -- BADGEMAN at the Fence -- his POV -- firing -- the PRESIDENT from the ZAPRUDER film flying backward and left.

JIM
...it's possible even a sixth shot takes the President in the rear of the head as well...a seventh shot hits Conally again.

FLASH -- SIXTH FLOOR SHOOTER

FLASH -- ROOFTOP SHOOTER

JIM
What happens then? Pandemonium.

FLASH -- Zapruder film of Jackie on the back of the car, the motorcade speeding off...People running for the Grassy Knoll...

JIM
Gordon Arnold was standing the closest to the picket fence that day. He was a young serviceman and had a movie camera.

TIME CUT TO:

GORDON ARNOLD, late 20's beefy, insecure, a drawl.

GORDON ARNOLD
I was panning shots through there when a shot came by my left ear.

FLASHBACK TO:
EXT PICKET FENCE - DAY

GORDON ARNOLD, in khaki service uniform with the green cap, filming. He hits the deck as the SHOT cracks right over him. He is about ten feet from the Picket Fence, underneath a tree.

ARNOLD (OVER)
...it was a bunch of report going on, I'd just been though basic training and I knew what it was. Then when I was laying on the ground, a gentleman come from this particular direction..

The BADGEMAN running out from the fence, up to ARNOLD still lying on the ground.

ARNOLD (OVER)
...and I thought it was a police officer cause he had the uniform of a police officer but he didn't wear a hat and he had dirty hands but it didn't really matter much cause with him cryin as he was and with him shakin (Arnold's voice shaken) and he had the weapon in his hand I think I would've given him almost anything except the camera because that was my mother's and what the man did was kick me and asked me if I was taking a picture.

BADGEMAN (Southern accent, shaking, nervous)
You taking a picture! Gimmie that camera boy. Y'hear!

ARNOLD (OVER)
I told him I was and when I looked at the weapon which was that big around I decided I'd go ahead and let him have the film...

ARNOLD
Take the film sir, but I can't let you have the camera's, it's my mom's...

ARNOLD, trembling, quickly strips the film from the camera. The BADGEMAN grabs the film and hurries off toward the parking lot.

ARNOLD (in present)
I gave it to him and he went back off in the direction of the parking lot. And I went off in the other direction and 3 days later the Army sent me to Alaska and I didn't come back to the United States for 18 months.

TIME CUT TO:

ED HOFFMAN, a middle-aged deaf mute, makes signals to us, translated by an INTERPRETER

JIM (OVER)
Ed Hoffman was standing at the Overpass

ED HOFFMAN (via INTERPRETER)
I saw a man in a black hat...There was a puff of smoke..

FLASHBACK TO:
EXT. PICKET FENCE (AS SEEN FROM OVERPASS -- HOFFMAN'S POV) - DAY

The view is from seventy yards, not that clear at all.

HOFFMAN (OVER)
I thought it was a cigarette...then the man walked over by the railroad tracks. He gave the rifle to another man...who proceeded to take it apart and put it in a tool box.

This 'MAN IN THE BLACK HAT' is a backup possibly to 'Badgeman'. The man takes the rifle as described and gives it to a THIRD MAN, who looks like one of the HOBOS. The Man in the hat disappears.

JIM (OVER)
Did you go to the police or FBI?

HOFFMAN (OVER)
I tried...but when I couldn't talk, they waved me away.

TIME CUT TO:

RESEARCHER on stand with a blowup of the MOORMAN PHOTOGRAPH. He uses a pointer.

RESEARCHER
...we took the Moorman photograph

FLASH - MOORMAN next to JEAN HILL, taking the photograph.

RESEARCHER (over the blowup)
...and we zoomed in here...until pieces of this image began to make more and more sense...it took us a long time to realize it, it's only 1/4 square inch of the original but..

He puts a plastic cover over the drawing with a predrawn outline of a FIGURE -- the BADGEMAN firing...

RESEARCHER
..you can see the muzzle blast here...and the shape of the body firing and then we realized this fellow was wearing some kind of uniform...see right here...the patch...looks like the Dallas Police Department. We called him "Badgeman".

All this creepily becomes true to our eyes...He fills in the rest of the photo -- the second man, and GORDON ARNOLD.

RESEARCHER
...over here we see a second man in a hardhat and a black t-shirt, the lighting source is consistent with the rest of the picture...and then here, what amazed us when we heard Gordon's Arnold's story, is we always wondered what this was -- he says he was standing about 10 feet from that fence -- there's a pointed army hat, the right hand up to his face, something obstructing it...like a camera, that then has to be Gordon Arnold...

TIME CUT TO:

JIM
(pause for effect) Possibly "Badgeman's" been infiltrated from military intelligence into the Dallas Police Department. Or maybe he was just a fake cop, who knows? What else was going on in Dealey Plaza that day? Well, supposed "hobos", were being pulled off trains and arrested, but no record of those arrests...

FLASHBACK -- HOBOS being arrested...marching across Dealey Plaza. The hobos look familiar now.

JIM
...several other arrests were supposedly made. But again no records of them. Men identifying themselves as Secret Service Agents were all over the place.

FLASHBACK - MEN in suits, ties, hats, moving people out of the parking lot area...turning a POLICEMAN back.

JIM
...although the Secret Service says none of their personnel was there, who then was impersonating them. And where was Lee Oswald?

INT. - SECOND STORY LUNCHROOM -- BOOK DEPOSITORY DAY '63

OSWALD, cool as a cucumber, at the coke machine as MARRION BAKER, a policeman arrives, gun pulled on him, along with RAY TRULY, the superintendant. They yell at Oswald, then run on, satisfied.

BAKER
Whoa! Hands up!

OSWALD
Whatsa matter?

BAKER (to Truly)
You know him?

TRULY
Yeah...he's okay (as Baker moves on) The President's been shot!

Oswald as if hearing it for the first time.

JIM OVER
Probably having lunch in the second floor lunchroom of the Depository where he was suppposed to be where patrolman Marrion Baker talked to him. Course when he realized something had gone wrong and the President had really been shot, he knew there was a problem, but what he didn't know was he was set up to take the fall. What the Warren Report would have us believe is after firing three shots in 5.6 seconds...

INT. SIXTH FLOOR DEPOSITORY - DAY

OSWALD as the shooter on the sixth floor. After firing, he runs full speed for the stairs, stashing the rifle on the other side of the loft. Follow him down the stairs to the Lunchroom while he buys a coke from the machine.

JIM (OVER)
...Oswald then leaves three cartridges neatly side-by-side in the firing nest, wipes the rifle clear of fingerprints, stashes the rifle on the other side of the loft, sprints down five flights of stairs past witnesses Victoria Adams and Sandra Styles who never see him, then shows up cool and calm on the second floor in front of Patrolman Baker -- all this within a maximum 90 seconds of the shooting.

INT. SECOND STORY LUNCHROOM -- BOOK DEPOSITORY DAY (1963)

Patrolman Baker and Truly have just run in.

BAKER (to Truly)
You know this man? Is he an employee?

TRULY
Yes he is.

JIM (OVER)
...Is he out of breath? According to Baker, absolutely not. Assuming he is the sole assassin, Oswald is now free to escape from the building. The longer he delays, the more chance the building will be sealed by police. Is he guilty? Does he walk out the nearest staircase? No.

Follow OSWALD from the soda machine to the hallway past the front offices.

JIM (OVER)
He buys a coke and at a slow pace, spotted by Mrs. Reed on the second floor, he strolls out the more distant front exit where the cops have gathered. Oddly, considering that three shots have been fired from there, nobody seals the Book Depository for ten more minutes. Oswald slips out as do several other employees.

OSWALD exits through the front door as others are pushing to get out while police swarm in.

JIM (OVER)
Of course when he realized something had gone wrong and the President had been killed, he knew there was a problem. Perhaps fear now came to Oswald for the very first time.

FLASHBACK:
EXT. HOUSTON STREET - DAY '63

The CUBANS and OSWALD getting into a car and roaring off.

JIM (OVER)
Now Richard Randolph Carr remembers seeing four men running out of the Book Depository. Three of the men jumped into a Nash Rambler facing North on Houston.

INT. TRIAL RESUME - DAY (1969)

CARR, the paralyzed steelworker, on the stand.

CARR
...and took off real fast. The other guy, the guy I'd seen in the 6th floor window earlier before the shooting, heavyset guy, glasses, a tan sportcoat -- he was walking east on Commerce Street, in a real hurry, and kept looking over his shoulder.

FLASHBACK:
EXT. HOUSTON STREET - DAY '63

The FOURTH MAN moving east described on Commerce Street as the cops close in on the Book Depository.

JIM (OVER)
The story gets pretty confusing now, more twists in it than a watersnake, some people say Oswald took a bus out of there cause he had a bus ticket in his possessions and then a cab, but the cabbie was killed in a car wreck...first cabbie to die in Dallas since 1937.

FLASHBACK:
EXT. BUS STOP - DAY '63

OSWALD getting on a bus.

JIM (OVER)
...But let's assume Oswald wants to get back with his intell team, see what's going on here, there's a lot of confusion, maybe he thinks he's still supposed to play along with this thing till the government tells him what to do, who knows what Oswald is thinking...So Oswald returns to his rooming house around 1 PM, half hour after the assassination.

FLASHBACK:
INT. OSWALD BOARDING HOUSE - DAY '63

Closing on OSWALD's perplexed face back at his room in the boarding house.

EARLENE ROBERTS the black housekeeper is watching the television news reports.

EARLENE
A man shot the President.

JIM (OVER)
He puts on his jacket, grabs his thirty-eight revolver and leaves at 1:04.

Earlene peeks out the shades as she hears two beeps on a horn from outside. She looks out the window.

A COP CAR driven by TIPPET with the BADGEMAN drives by.

JIM (OVER)
Earlene Roberts, the housekeeper who died last year of heart attack, says she heard two beeps on a car horn and two uniformed cops pulled up the to house where Oswald was in his room like it was signal or something. Officer Tippet is shot between 1:10 and 1:15 about a mile away. And though no one actually saw him walking or jogging, the Government says Oswald covered that distance. Now giving the Government the benefit of the doubt, Oswald would have had to jog a mile in six to eleven minutes and then commit the murder, then reverse his direction and walk 3/5ths of a mile to the Texas Theatre arrive sometime before 1:30. That's some walking. Some witnesses even place him in the theatre as early as 1:05 PM.

EXT. STREET - DAY

OSWALD walking alone, fast. A cop car pulls up alongside him on 10th Street. OFFICER TIPPET, suspicious, gets out to question him. OSWALD pulls his 38 revolver and shoots him down in the street with 5 shots.

JIM (OVER)
It's also a useful conclusion. After all, why else would Oswald kill Tippet unless he'd just shot the President and feared arrest? None of the witnesses to the shooting however are sure.

DOMINGO BENAVIDES in his truck, hidden, only a few yards away, watches as ANOTHER UNIDENTIFIED MAN (not seen before) shoots and walks away.

JIM (OVER)
Domingo Benevides, the closest witness to the shooting, refused to identify Oswald as the killer and was never taken to a lineup.

ACQUILLA CLEMONS, a black woman looking on.

HER POV -- TWO MEN (unidentified) kill TIPPET. The two men walk off quickly in two directions. We notice a policeman's uniform hanging in the back seat of Tippet's car.

JIM (OVER)
Acquilla Clemons saw the killer with another man and says they went off in separate directions. Mrs. Clemons was never taken to a lineup or to the Warren Commission. Mr. Frank Wright who saw the killer run away was uncompromising in stating that the killer was not Lee Oswald. Oswald is found with a 38 revolver. Tippet is killed with a 38 automatic.

EXT. 10th STREET - LATER

The Tippet Murder scene. Police, cameras flashing, detectives. OFFICER POE is seen with the shells from the shooting.

JIM (OVER)
At the scene of the crime, Officer J.M. Poe marks the shells with his initials to record the chain of evidence. Those initials are not on the three cartridge cases which the Warren Commission present to him. As early as 12:44, only 14 minutes after the assassination, the police radio put out a description matching Oswald's size and build.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Cops in patrol car responding to radio turn on sirens and race off.

EXT. JEFFERSON STREET - DAY

OSWALD walking quickly down the street stops at the window of a shoe store. Obviously watching his back, he pretends to look at the shoe display. A salesman, JOHNNY BREWER, is watching at the door.

JIM (OVER)
Oswald is next seen by shoe salesman Johnny Brewer lurking along Jefferson Avenue. Oswald is scared. He begins to realize the full implications of this thing. Let me offer you another scenario and on this I could be wronger than a diamond in a goat's ass. Oswald gets in the car driven by Tippet who's friend is "Badgeman" who's changing or changed back into civilian clothes. He's got bushy black hair as some of the witnesses seem to agree...

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Outside Oswald's rooming house. Oswald getting in. Driving off.

JIM (OVER)
Oswald knows Badgeman. Things have gone wrong. They're heading for Redbird Airport. Where there's a light plane waiting for them. Something happens in the car. I don't know -- maybe Oswald senses something wrong, maybe he thinks he's the patsy and they're going to kill him. They argue. He wants to get out. Tippet gets wind of something much bigger than he expected. He thought he was doing his buddy Badgeman a favor but the President getting killed is not in his plans. They argue. Badgeman shoots Tippet. Oswald gets away.

EXT. 10th STREET - DAY

The men argue, the car coming to stop. OSWALD gets out. TIPPET comes after him. TIPPET comes out. BADGEMAN comes out, shoots TIPPET with his .38 automatic and walks away, panicked. Badgeman's cop uniform hangs in the back seat.

JIM (OVER)
I admit it's just theory but it gets to the source of some of the confusion here. I personally don't think Oswald was even at the scene of the Tippet killing, but either way I do believe he had a rendezvous point set up at the Texas Theatre 8 blocks away.

EXT. DALLAS AVENUE - TEXAS THEATER - DAY

OSWALD moving along the AVENUE, spooked. Police SIRENS roar by.

JIM (OVER)
Oswald is scared. He begins to realize the implications of this thing. That he's been set up. Tippet was possibly trying to arrest him. Maybe he even did shoot him out of fear. He wants to hide.

OSWALD at the theatre. "BATTLE CRY" is playing with VAN HEFLIN. He sneaks in but is noticed by the cashier.

JIM (OVER)
He goes to the Texas Theatre, possibly his prearranged meeting place, but though he's got $14 in his pocket, he does not buy the 75¢ ticket and the cashier calls the police.

THIRTY OFFICERS in a fleet of patrol cars arrive at the theatre.

JIM (OVER)
...in response to the cashier's call at least thirty police officers in a fleet of patrol cars descend on the movie theatre all because one man refuses to buy a movie ticket! This has to be the most remarkable example of police intuition since the Reichstag fire. I don't buy it. They knew -- someone knew -- Oswald was going to be there.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - DAY

12-14 spectators sit scattered between the balcony and the ground floor.

JIM (OVER)
The cashier helpfully leads the cops into the theatre and from the stage points Oswald out.

The CASHIER goes down the aisle followed by several police officers. The lights in the theatre come on and the disgruntled audience moans in protest. From the stage, the cashier locates OSWALD and points him out.

CASHIER
There he is.

THE OFFICERS close in on OSWALD from the rear and front of the ground floor. OSWALD doesn't move, not quite sure what is happening or what to do.

POLICE OFFICER
Sir, could I get you to stand up.

OSWALD jumps up and in a panic takes a swing at an officer.

OSWALD
I am not resisting arrest! I am not resisting arrest!

As if expecting to be shot. He is hit, arrested, pulled out.

JIM (OVER)
...in fact another man was also arrested in the theatre and pulled out the back way...but there's no record of that booking. The cops decided they had their man. It had already been decided...in Washington.

EXT. TEXAS THEATRE - DAY ('63)

The famous portrait of OSWALD being led out into history by the phalanx of POLICE, the blackened eye...

JIM (OVER)
There is a great quote from Dr. Best, Himmler's right hand man in the Gestapo -- "as long as the police carries out the will of the leadership, it is acting legally." Oswald must've felt like Josef K in Kafka's The Trial. He was never told the reason of his arrest, he does not know the unseen forces ranging against him, he cries out his outrage in the police lineup just like Josef K excoriates the judge for not being told the charges against him. But the state is deaf. The quarry is caught. By the time he is brought from the theatre, a large crowd is waiting to scream at him. By the time he reaches police headquarters, he is booked for murdering Tippit...

INT. SHERIFF HQ - NIGHT (1963)

Dallas Police Captain WILL FRITZ takes the call from LYNDON JOHNSON in Washington. In BG we might notice LEE OSWALD continuing to be questioned. ROGER CRAIG might cross. All we hear is Johnson's distinctive Texas drawl, we never see him.

LBJ VOICE
Howdy there Cap'n, thanks for taking care of us down in Dallas. Lady Bird and I will always be grateful.

FRTIZ
Thank you Mr. President, we're doing our best.

LBJ VOICE
Cap'n I know you're working like a dog down there to get this mess wrapped up but I gotta tell you there's too much confusion coming out of Dallas now, the TVs and the papers are full of rumor 'bout conspiracies. 2 gunmen, 2 rifles, the Russkies done it, the Cubans done it, that kinda loose talk, it's scarin' the shit outta people bubba'. We got to show 'em we got this thing under control. No question, no doubts, for the good of our country...you hear me?

FRITZ
Yes sir.

LBJ VOICE
Cpn' you got your man, the investigation's over, that's what people want to hear.

Camera closing on OSWALD in background.

JIM (OVER)
By the time the sun rose the next morning he is booked for murdering the President. By early Sunday afternoon, the autopsy has been completed on him...

INT. UNDERGROUND POLICE GARAGE - DAY (1963)

JACK RUBY allowed in by his POLICE CONTACT, moves towards the outer edge of REPORTERS, nervous.

OSWALD with his TWO GUARDS coming out. Repeating the assassination in stop time...

JIM (OVER)
Under the guise of a patriotic nightclub owner out to prevent Jackie Kennedy from having to testify at a trial, Jack Ruby is shown into underground garage by one of his inside men on the Dallas Police Force and when he's ready Oswald is brought out like a sacrificial lamb and nicely disposed of as an enemy of the people. Who grieves for Lee Harvey Oswald? No one.

EXT. TEXAS CEMETARY - DAY

Oswald buried. A few people.

EXT. JFK FUNERAL - DAY

In contrast. The thousands.

JIM (OVER)
Within minutes false statements and press leaks about Lee Oswald circulate the globe.

FLASHBACK – X reading about it in the New Zealand Airport

JIM
The Official Legend is created and the media takes it from there. The glitter of official lies and the epic splendor of the thought-numbing funeral of JFK confuse the eye and confound the understanding. Hitler always said "the bigger the lie, the more people will believe it." Lee Oswald – a crazed, lonely man who wanted attention and got it by killing a President, was the first. In later years Bobby Kennedy and Martin Luther King, men whose commitment to change and to peace would make them dangerous to men who are committed to War, would follow, also killed by such "lonely, crazed men", who remove our guilt by making murder a meaningless act of a loner. We have all become Hamlets in our country – children of a slain father-leader whose killers still possess the throne. The ghost of John F. Kennedy confronts us with the secret murder at the heart of the American dream. He forces on us the appalling questions: Of what is our Constitution made? What is our citizenship and more, our lives worth? What is the future of a democracy where a President can be assassinated under conspicuously suspicious circumstances while the machinery of legal action scarcely trembles?

LIZ watching, moved, SUSIE, LOU OSER, NUMA -- all there for the summation.

JIM (CONT)

"Treason doth never prosper" wrote an English poet, "what's the reason? For if it prosper, none dare call it treason. The generals who sent Dreyfuss to Devils Island were among the most honorable men in France, the men who killed Caesar were among the most honorable men in Rome. We have reached a similar time in our country, something like what life must've been like under Hitler in the 30's except we don't realize it because facism in our country takes the benign disguise of liberal democracy. There won't be such familiar signs as swastikas. We won't build Dachaus and Auschwitzes. We're not going to wake up one morning and suddenly find ourselves in gray uniforms goose-stepping off to work...
I was with the artillery when we went into Dachau in '45. Bulldozers were making pyramids of human bodies. What I saw there has haunted me even since, because it isn't a German phenomenon. It's a human phenomenon. It can happen here because there has been no increase of understanding on the part of humans for their fellow humans.

"Facism will come, Huey Long once said, in the name of anti-facism" it will come in the name of "National Security," it will come with the mass media manipulating a clever concentration camp of the mind of the population. The American people have yet to see the Zapruder film. Why? The American people have yet to see the real photographs and X-rays of the autopsy. Why? There are hundreds of documents that could help prove this conspiracy. Why have they been withheld or burned by the Government? This case has more accidents, fires, more burning of papers than any murder case in history. It's had more dead and disappeared witnesses than any murder case in history. Why? Each time my office or you the people have asked those questions, demanded crucial evidence, the answer from on high has been "national security". What kind of "national security" do we have when we have been robbed of our leaders? Who determines our "national security"? What "national security" permits the removal of fundamental power from the hands of the American people and validates the ascendancy of invisible government in the United States? That kind of "national security" ladies and gentlemen of the jury is when it smells like it, feels like it, and looks like it, you call it what it is – it's Facism!

I submit to you that what took place on November 22, 1963 was a coup d'etat. Its most direct and tragic result was a reversal of President Kennedy's commitment to withdraw from Vietnam. Responsibility for the thousands of brave men coming home in body bags can be traced to a foreign policy run by a shadow government consisting of corrupt men at the highest levels of the Pentagon, the intelligence establishment and the giant multinational corporations. The Cold War is the biggest business in America worth $80 billion a year. The President was murdered because he was genuinely seeking peace in a corrupt world. He was murdered by a conspiracy planned in advance at the highest levels of the United States and carried out by fanatical or disciplined Cold Warriors in the Pentagon and CIA's covert operations apparatus – among them Clay Shaw here before you -- and their collaborators outside the Government. It was a public execution and it was covered up by like-minded individuals in the Dallas Police Department, the Secret Service, the FBI, and

JIM (CONT)
the White House -- all the way up to and including J. Edgar Hoover and Lyndon Johnson whom I consider accomplices after the fact.

Pause. The ROOM shuffling, murmuring. Clay Shaw smirks, smoking his cigarette. The very grandiosity of the charge works in his favor. Jim is falling apart from built-up strain, fatigue, his voice cracking now.

JIM
The assassination reduced the President of the United States to a transient official, a servant of the warfare conglomerate. His assignment is to speak as often as possible of the nation's desire for peace while he serves as a business agent in Congress for the military and their hardware manufacturers. Some people will say I am nuts (this gets a laugh), a southern caricature seeking higher office. Well, there is a very simple way to determine if I am paranoid. Let's ask the man who has profited the most from the assassination -- your President Lyndon Baines Johnson -- to release 51 CIA documents pertaining to Lee Oswald and Jack Ruby, or the secret CIA memo on Oswald's activities in Russia that was "destroyed" while being photocopied. All these documents are <u>you</u> -- the people's property -- you pay for it but because you are a child who might be too disturbed or depressed to face reality, you cannot see these documents for another 75 years. I'm 45 so there's no hope for me but I'm already telling my 8 year old son to keep himself physically fit so that one glorious September morning in 2038 he can walk into the National Archives and find out what the CIA knew. They may even push it back then. It may become a generational affair, with questions passed down from father to son, mother to daughter, in the manner of the ancient runic bards. Someday, somewhere, some one may find out the goddamned Truth! Or we might just build ourselves a new Government -- maybe a little farther out West.

Goes to the Jury.

JIM
An American naturalist wrote, " a patriot must always be ready to defend its country against it's governemnt." I'd hate to be in your shoes today. You got a lot to think about. You have seen much hidden evidence the American public has never received. Going back to when we were children, I think most of us in this courtroom thought that Justice came into being automatically, that Virtue was its own reward, that Good would triumph over Evil. But as you get older we know that this just ain't true. Individual human beings have to create Justice and this is not easy because Justice often presents a threat to power and you have to fight power often at great risk to yourself. People like Julia Anne Mercer, Roger Craig, Richard Randolph , Carr, Jean Hill, Willie O'Keefe, and Gordon Arnold have come forward and taken that risk. (produces a stack of letters) I have here some $8000 in these letters sent to my office from all overthe country -- quarters, dimes, dollar bills from housewives, plumbers, car salesmen, teachers, invalids...(holds up the the dollar bills, voice cracking from strain)

These are people who cannot afford to send money but do, these are the ones who drive the cabs, who send their kids to Vietnam. Why? Because they <u>care</u>, because they want to know the truth -- because they

JIM (CONT)
want their country back because it belongs to us the people as long as the people got the guts to fight for what they believe in! The truth is the most important value we have because if the truth does not endure, if the Government murders truth, if you cannot respect the hearts of these people (shaking the letters), than this is no longer the country in which we were born and this is not the country I want to die in ... Tennyson wrote,"authority forgets a dying king." This was never more true than for John F. Kennedy whose murder was probably the most terrible moment in the history of our country. You the people, you the jury system in sitting in judgment on Clay Shaw, represent the hope of humanity against Government power. In discharging your duty "ask not what your country can do for you but what you can do for your country." Do not forget your dying king. Show the world this is still a government of the people, for the people, and by the people. Nothing as long as you live will ever be more important. (stares into camera) It's up to you.

He moves and sits. The Courtroom is still.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - NIGHT ('69)

The JURY files in, having reached a verdict.

JIM sits with his STAFF, LIZ, prepared

TIME CUT TO:

JURY FOREMAN
We find Clay Shaw ... not guilty on all counts.

Jubilation, commotion in the Court. SHAW happily standing, shaking hands all over...

THE PRESS running for the phones.

INT. CORRIDORS OUTSIDE COURTROOM - NIGHT

JIM walking out, past the banks of REPORTERS. TV lights in his face. LIZ by his side.

REPORTER (English accent)
Mr. Garrison, the American media is reporting this as a full vindication of the Warren Commission, do you...

JIM
I think all it proves is you cannot run an espionage trial in the light of day.

REPORTER 2
The Times Picayune in tomorrow's front page editorial has called for your resignation, unfit to hold office, you've ruined Clay Shaw's reputation, are you going to resign?

JIM
Hell no, I'm gonna run again. And I'm gonna win. Thank you very much.

Hugging Liz

DISSOLVING TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY (1976)

JIM waits on the same park bench overlooking the MALL or the LINCOLN MONUMENT...

...as X walks up, a little greyer, a little more stooped, ill-fitting in his civilian clothes.

JIM
Well, thanks for coming.

X
You didn't get that break you needed but you went as far as any man could bubba (sits next to him) What can I do for you?

JIM
Just speculating, I guess. How do you think it started?

X (pause)
Probably in some boardroom somewhere, Boston, Houston, hell maybe some bankers meeting in Bonn, Germany, maybe two or three of 'em are having lunch in the dining room of some skyscraper in New York. Who knows – it's international now.

INT. LUNCH ROOM - NEW YORK OFFICE BUILDING - DAY (1962)

A towering view of the CITY. A sober lunch club or executive dining room. FOUR MEN, 50's, 60's, 70's – old men, rich men talk – at a quiet table. Shadowed figures, we pick up the conversation obliquely, across faces flared out by sun bouncing off skyscraper windows, adjacent a helipad.

X (OVER)
One worried sonufabitch turns to the others and says something pretty simple and direct like...

RICH MAN 1 (60s distinguished)
The sonufabitch is gonna get reelected by a bigger vote than ever in '64. It's gonna be worse than Roosevelt. The country'll go broke... He's gotta go Lou. The election's gotta be stopped.

RICH MAN 2
How?
(turns to MAN 3)

RICH MAN 3
Let me make some calls, down to Washington.

X (OVER)
...one of them makes a call. They start talking about it. A few people here, there. Heads of the CIA. Military people.Defense Contractors, just "conversations", nothing more. Something is underway but it has no face. But everybody in the loop knows...

MONTAGE --
EXT. WASHINGTON D.C.

Phone lines -- noise. FACES superimposed over the buildings.

X (OVER)
Money is at stake. Big money. Kennedy brothers target voting districts for Defense dollars. These people fight back. Their way. One day another simple call is made...

INT. PENTAGON OFFICE - DAY

His back to us, a man in civilian clothing is on the phone. This is MR. Y who we saw at Dealey Plaza. Shadows pervade the room. A little window overlooking the CAPITOL.

X (OVER)
...maybe to somebody like my boss who's been running "Mongoose" and who has no love for Kennedy.

VOICE (on phone)
Bill, we're going. We need your help.

X (OVER)
Everything's cellularized. No one has said "he must die", there's been no vote, there's no one to blame, it's as old as the Crucifixion, the Mafia firing squad, one blank, no one's guilty but what's paramount is that it must succeed, no matter how many die, how much it costs, the perpetrators must be on the winning side and never subject to prosecution for anything by anyone. That is a coup d'etat.

Y (phone)
When?

VOICE (phone)
In the Fall. Probably in the South. We want you to come up with a plan...

X (OVER)
He's done it before. Other countries. Lumumba in the Congo, Trujillo, The Dominican Republic, Schneider in Chile, he's working on Castro. No big deal. He flies in the assassins, maybe from the special camp we keep outside Athens, Greece, pros, maybe some locals, Cubans, Mafia hire, probably an A,B, and C team, the teams are cellurized, no one knows the others. Does it really matter who shot from what rooftop? Part of the scenery, bubba. The assassins by now are dead or well paid and long gone...

JIM (in present)
...and your boss?

X
...got promoted to two stars, went to Vietnam, lost his credibility when we got beat over there, retired, lives in Virginia. I say hello to him when I see him at the supermarket...

JIM
Ever ask him?

X (smiles, business as usual)
You don't ask a spook for a straight answer, not that he'd ever know how to give one anyway. Grey hair, still thinks of himself as the handsome young warrior loved this country but loved the concept of war more.

JIM
His name?

X
Does it matter? Another technician. But an interesting thing -- he was there that day in Dealey Plaza. You know how I know?
(Jim shakes his head) That picture of yours. The hobos... You never looked deep enough...

FLASHBACK -- The HOBO Picture. In one of these, next to the wire fence, Y in a dark suit is nonchalantly intersecting the hobos, his back to us. Camera closing in on Y.

X (OVER)
I knew the man 20 years. That's him. The way he walked...arms at his side, military , the stoop, the hair cut, the twisted left hand, the large class ring. What was he doing there? If anyone had asked him, he'd probably say "protection" but I'll tell you I think he was giving some kind of 'okay' signal to those hobos -- they're about to get booked and he's telling 'em it's gonna be okay, they're covered. And in fact they were -- you never heard of them again.

JIM
... some story ... the whole thing. It's like it never happened.

X
It never did. (tart smile) I keep thinking of that day, Sunday, while Oswald was being killed, LBJ was signing the memorandum on Vietnam with Lodge.

FLASHBACK TO:
INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY (1963)

JOHNSON across the shadowed room with LODGE and OTHERS. His Texas drawl rising and falling. He signs something unseen.

JOHNSON
Gentlemen, I want you to know I'm personally commited to Vietnam. I'm not going to take one soldier out of there till they know we mean business in Asia...

X (OVER)
..and that was the day Vietnam started.

CUT TO:

DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE -- US TROOPS arriving in full force on the beaches of Danang in early 1965 ... as another era begins and our movie ends.

OVER A BLACK SCREEN WE READ:

-In 1975, VICTOR MARCHETTI, former executive assistant to the CIA's deputy director, stated that during high-level CIA meetings during the trial of 1969, CIA director RICHARD HELMS disclosed that CLAY SHAW and DAVID FERRIE had worked for the Agency, and that Mr. Helms was concerned over the fate of Shaw.

-In 1979, RICHARD HELMS, director of covert operations in 1963, admitted under oath that CLAY SHAW had Agency connections.

-CLAY SHAW died in 1974 of supposed lung cancer. No autopsy was allowed.

-In November, 1969 JIM GARRISON was re-elected to a third term as District Attorney of Orleans Parish. In June of 1971, he was arrested by Federal Agents on charges of allowing payoffs on pinball gambling by organized crime. In September of 1973, after defending himself in Federal Court, he was quickly found not guilty of charges that appear to have been framed against him. Less than six weeks later, he was narrowly defeated on a fourth bid as District Attorney. In 1978, he was elected Judge of the Louisiana State Court of Appeal in New Orleans. He was re-elected in 1988. To this date, he has brought the only public prosecution in the Kennedy killing.

-ELIZABETH, his wife, left him in 1978. Garrison remarried and divorced. He now lives in the same house he lived in with Elizabeth, who lives a block away. Their six children are grown.

DEDICATED TO THE YOUNG, IN WHOSE SPIRIT THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH MARCHES ON.

THE END